

PARASYTE

8

HITOSHI
IWAOKI



PARASYTE 8

HITOSHI IWAOKI

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED BY ANDREW CUNNINGHAM
LETTERED BY FOLTZ DESIGN



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Parasyte volume 8 is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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HONORIFICS EXPLAINED



Throughout the Del Rey Manga books, you will find Japanese honorifics left intact in the translations. For those not familiar with how the Japanese use honorifics and, more important, how they differ from American honorifics, we present this brief overview.

Politeness has always been a critical facet of Japanese culture. Ever since the feudal era, when Japan was a highly stratified society, use of honorifics—which can be defined as polite speech that indicates relationship or status—has played an essential role in the Japanese language. When addressing someone in Japanese, an honorific usually takes the form of a suffix attached to one's name (example: "Asuna-san"), is used as a title at the end of one's name, or appears in place of the name itself (example: "Negi-sensei," or simply "Sensei!").

Honorifics can be expressions of respect or endearment. In the context of manga and anime, honorifics give insight into the nature of the relationship between characters. Many English translations leave out these important honorifics and therefore distort the feel of the original Japanese. Because Japanese honorifics contain nuances that English honorifics lack, it is our policy at Del Rey not to translate them. Here, instead, is a guide to some of the honorifics you may encounter in Del Rey Manga.

- san:** This is the most common honorific and is equivalent to Mr., Miss, Ms., or Mrs. It is the all-purpose honorific and can be used in any situation where politeness is required.
- sama:** This is one level higher than "-san" and is used to confer great respect.
- dono:** This comes from the word "tono," which means "lord." It is an even higher level than "-sama" and confers utmost respect.
- kun:** This suffix is used at the end of boys' names to express familiarity or endearment. It is also sometimes used by men among friends, or when addressing someone younger or of a lower station.

-chan: This is used to express endearment, mostly toward girls. It is also used for little boys, pets, and even among lovers. It gives a sense of childish cuteness.

Bozu: This is an informal way to refer to a boy, similar to the English terms “kid” and “squirr.”

Sempai/

Senpai: This title suggests that the addressee is one’s senior in a group or organization. It is most often used in a school setting, where underclassmen refer to their upperclassmen as “sempai.” It can also be used in the workplace, such as when a newer employee addresses an employee who has seniority in the company.

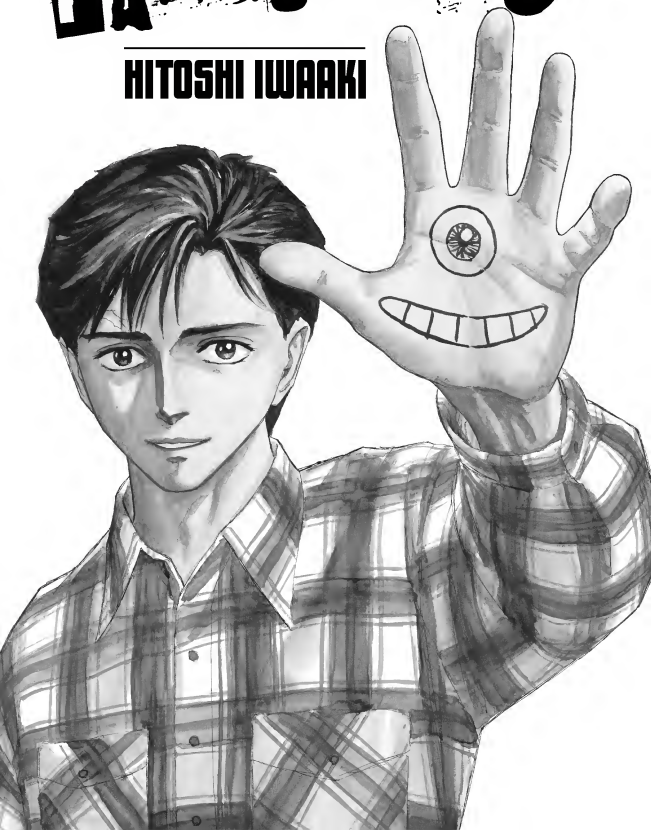
Kohai: This is the opposite of “sempai” and is used toward underclassmen in school or newcomers in the workplace. It connotes that the addressee is of a lower station.

Sensei: Literally meaning “one who has come before,” this title is used for teachers, doctors, or masters of any profession or art.

-[blank]: This is usually forgotten in these lists, but it is perhaps the most significant difference between Japanese and English. The lack of honorific means that the speaker has permission to address the person in a very intimate way. Usually, only family, spouses, or very close friends have this kind of permission. Known as *yobisute*, it can be gratifying when someone who has earned the intimacy starts to call one by one’s name without an honorific. But when that intimacy hasn’t been earned, it can be very insulting.

PARASYTE 8

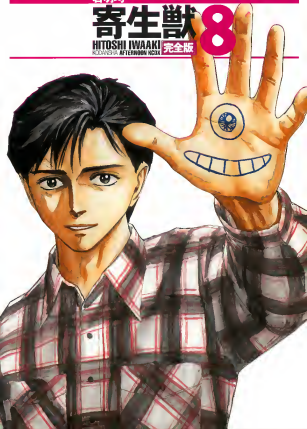
HITOSHI IWAAKI



岩明均

寄生獣 8

HITOSHI IWAOKI 完全版
KODANSHA AFTERNOON NOOK

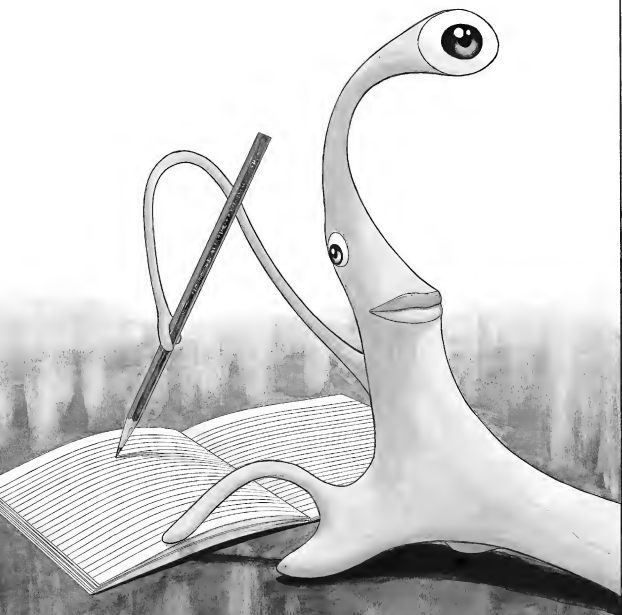


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CHAPTER 58: MIGO



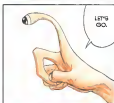
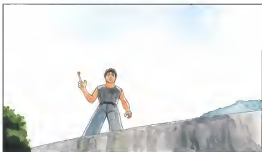
CHAPTER 58: MIGI













HE'S FASTER
THAN ANYONE!
NO WAY WE'D
EVER BEAT
HIM!

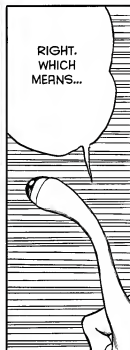
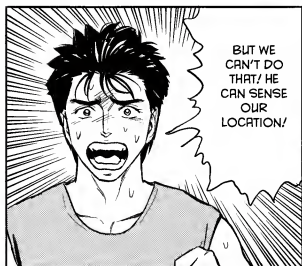
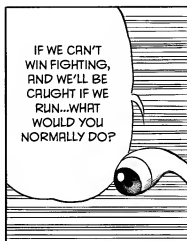


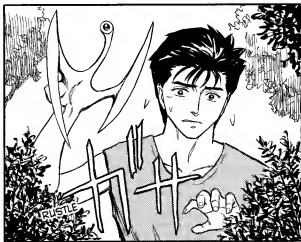
SHIT! WHAT NOW?
IF THIS WERE A
NORMAL MONSTER
WE'D BE FASTER
THAN HIM, BUT THIS
IS GOTO!



HE'S FASTER
THAN ANYONE!
NO WAY WE'D
EVER BEAT
HIM!

SHIT! WHAT NOW?
IF THIS WERE A
NORMAL MONSTER
WE'D BE FASTER
THAN HIM, BUT THIS
IS GOING!







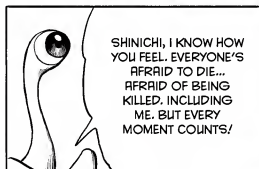
TALK
ABOUT?
TALK
ABOUT?
WE'RE
ABOUT TO
DIE! GET
CUT
TO
PIECES!

SHINICHI!



CALM
DOWN.
WE'VE GOT
A LOT TO
TALK ABOUT
BEFORE HE
GETS HERE.

COME ON!
WE'VE GOT
NO TIME TO
WASTE!



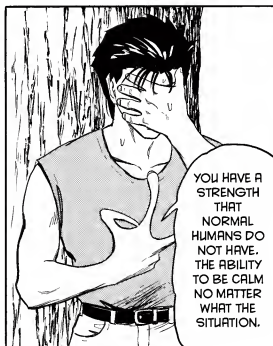
SHINICHI, I KNOW HOW
YOU FEEL. EVERYONE'S
AFRAID TO DIE...
AFRAID OF BEING
KILLED, INCLUDING
ME. BUT EVERY
MOMENT COUNTS!



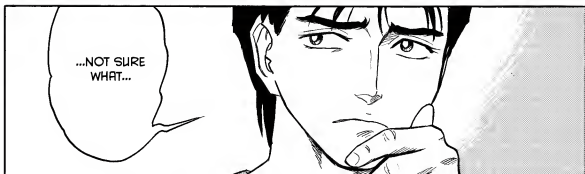
SO...LIKE
YOU ALWAYS
DO, HAND
ON CHEST,
TAKE A DEEP
BREATH...

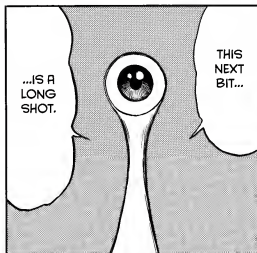
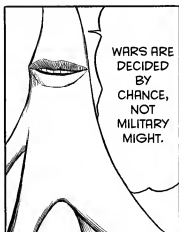


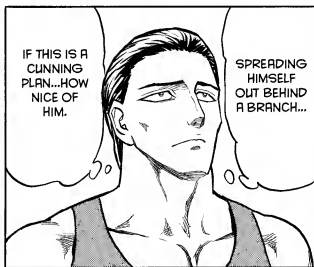
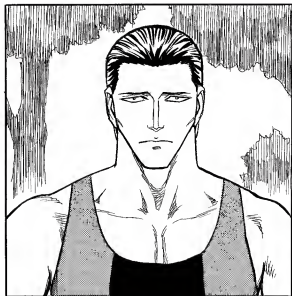
HAHH
HAHH



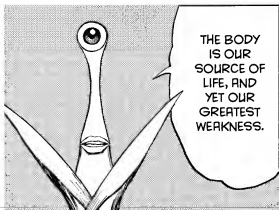
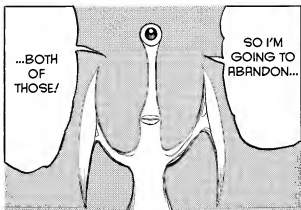
YOU HAVE A
STRENGTH
THAT
NORMAL
HUMANS DO
NOT HAVE.
THE ABILITY
TO BE CALM
NO MATTER
WHAT THE
SITUATION.

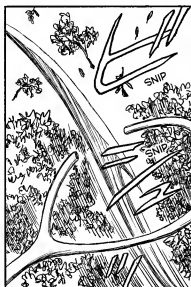


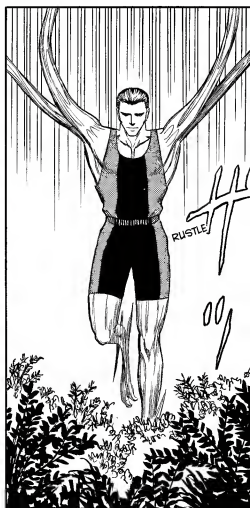
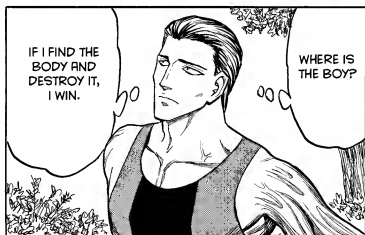




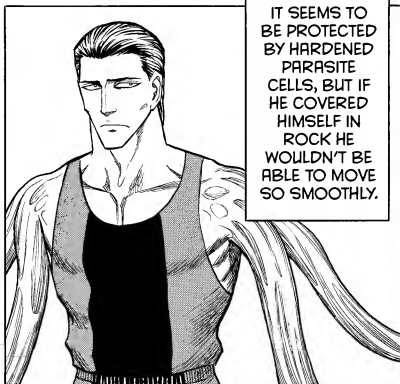








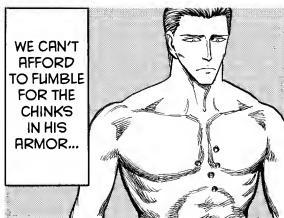




IT SEEMS TO BE PROTECTED BY HARDENED PARASITE CELLS, BUT IF HE COVERED HIMSELF IN ROCK HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO MOVE SO SMOOTHLY.



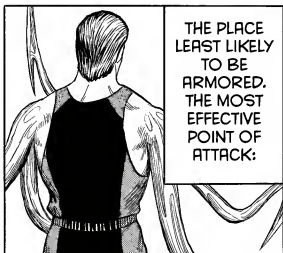
HIS BODY...



WE CAN'T AFFORD TO FUMBLE FOR THE CHINKS IN HIS ARMOR...



JUST LIKE MIKI...THE NECK!



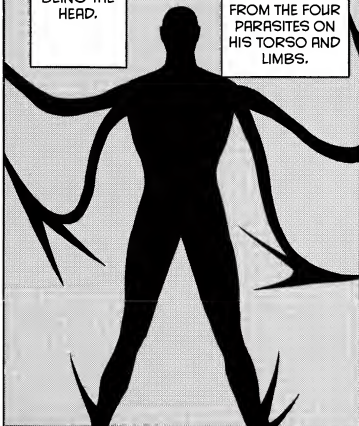
THE PLACE LEAST LIKELY TO BE ARMORED. THE MOST EFFECTIVE POINT OF ATTACK:



THE MOMENT THE HEAD IS SEVERED, ALL SYNCHRONIZATION VANISHES. I SHOULD BE ABLE TO PUNCH THROUGH THE ARMOR AND CUT THE BODY TO PIECES. (IF ONLY I HAD DONE THAT WITH MIKI....!)

THE HEAD HAS ITS HANDS FULL JUST BEING THE HEAD.

IT MUST TAKE AN INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF ENERGY TO CONTROL ALL THE CELLS FROM THE FOUR PARASITES ON HIS TORSO AND LIMBS.



WE ONLY HAVE ONE SHOT AT CUTTING OFF HIS HEAD! WITH HIS SPEED AND POWER, HE WON'T GIVE US A SECOND!



IF YOU DON'T MOVE QUICKLY, YOU'LL...

COME ON, MGI. HURRY UP!



WHEN THE FLAME
NEARS THEM,
THE SURFACE
CELLS WILL
REFLEXIVELY
MOVE AWAY
FROM GOTO'S
CONTROL, AND
THE BALANCE HIS
BODY MAINTAINS
WILL CRUMBLE.

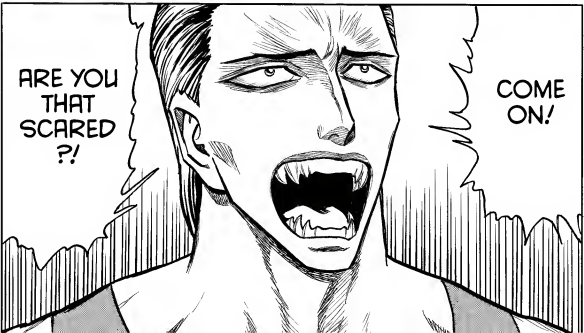
LIKE I
EXPLAINED
BEFORE,
SHINICHI,
WE CAN USE
THE FIRE TO
SURPRISE
HIM.



UH-OH...
ALREADY
FEELING
FAINT...HAVE
TO HURRY...



JUST A
LITTLE MORE...
STILL A BAD
ANGLE.



ARE YOU
THAT
SCARED
?!

COME
ON!



STOP
TRYING
TO RUN!
FIGHT
ME!

SPREAD
YOUR-
SELF OUT
ALL YOU
LIKE, YOU
CAN'T
HIDE FOR
LONG!



THE
BODY!
THERE
YOU
ARE!!

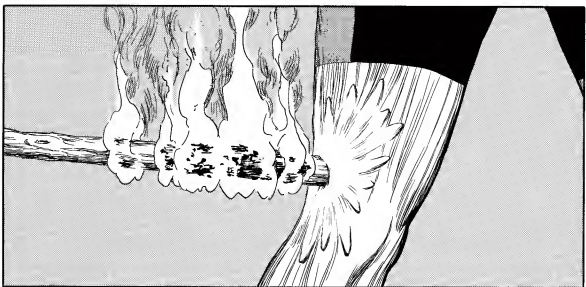
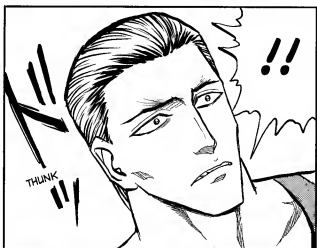
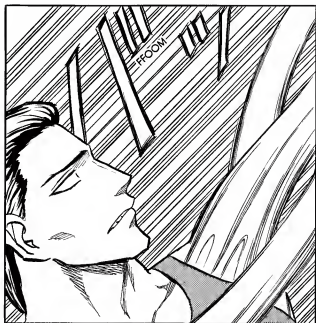


MY
VOICE!?

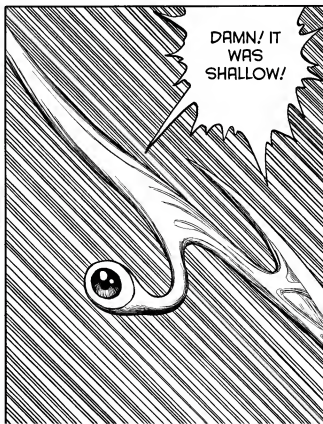
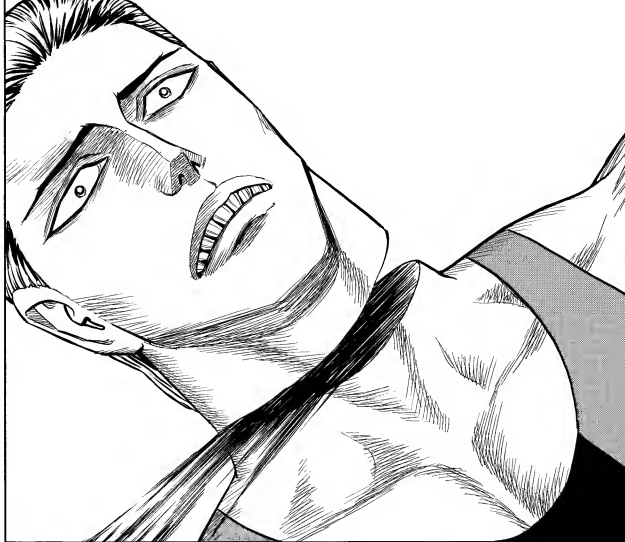


NOW!!

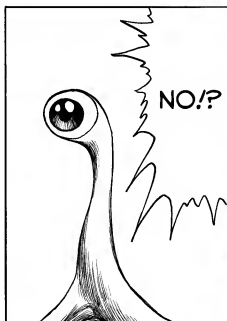


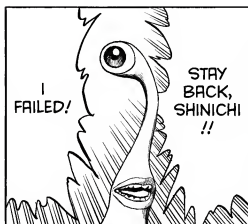






DAMN! IT
WAS
SHALLOW!







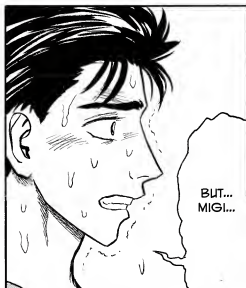
OVER
THERE...THE
BODY...IF I
KILL THAT...



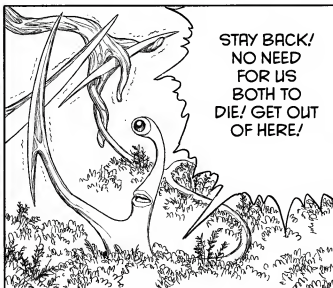
BUT...IF YOU
DON'T
RECONNECT...



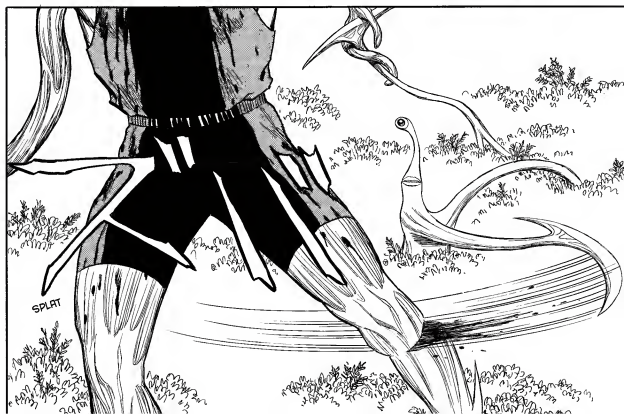
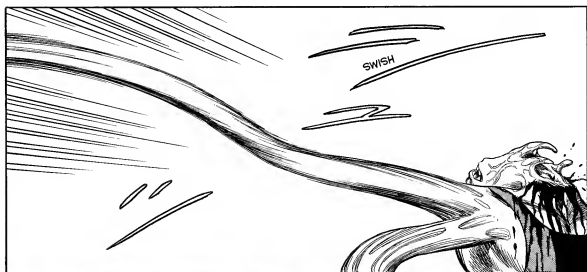
RUN,
SHINICHI/
HE HAS
MORE THAN
ENOUGH
STRENGTH!



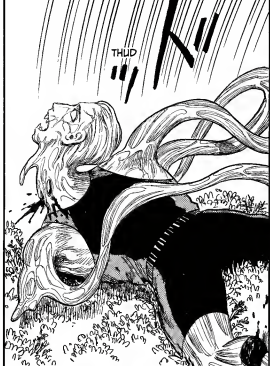
BUT...
MIGI...



STAY BACK!
NO NEED
FOR US
BOTH TO
DIE! GET OUT
OF HERE!

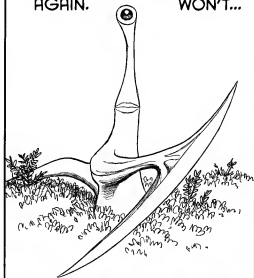


WHAT ARE
YOU DOING,
YOU IDIOT!?
GET OUT
OF HERE!
NOW!!

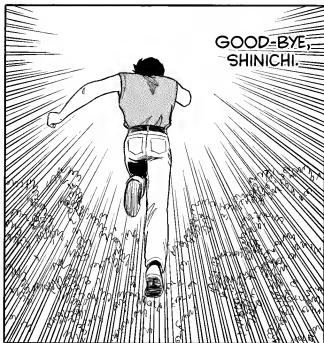


...MEET
AGAIN.

WE
WON'T...



GOOD-BYE,
SHINICHI.



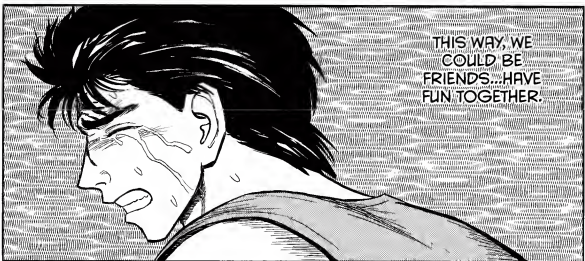
...I DIDN'T
STEAL YOUR
BRAIN.

I'M GLAD
THAT WHEN
I FIRST MET
YOU...

SHINICHI...



THIS WAY, WE
COULD BE
FRIENDS...HAVE
FUN TOGETHER!



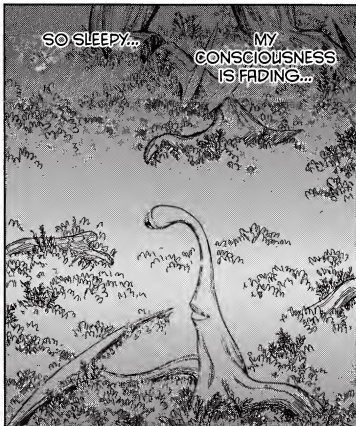


BUT FAR MORE
LONELY...



SO SLEEPY...

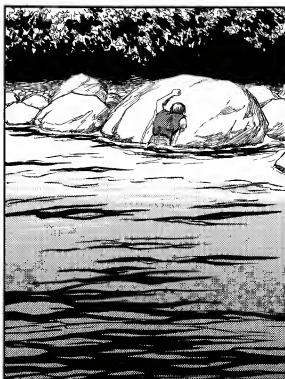
MY
CONSCIOUSNESS
IS FADING...

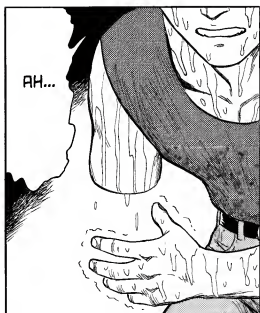


SO THIS...

...IS DEATH.







AH...



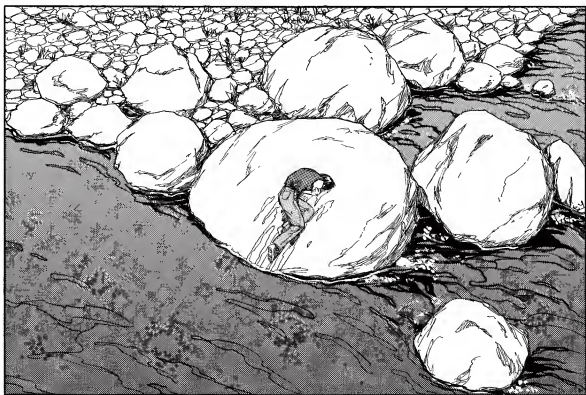
SNIFF...

HAHH
HAHH
HAHH



AAHH-
HHHHH-
HHH....

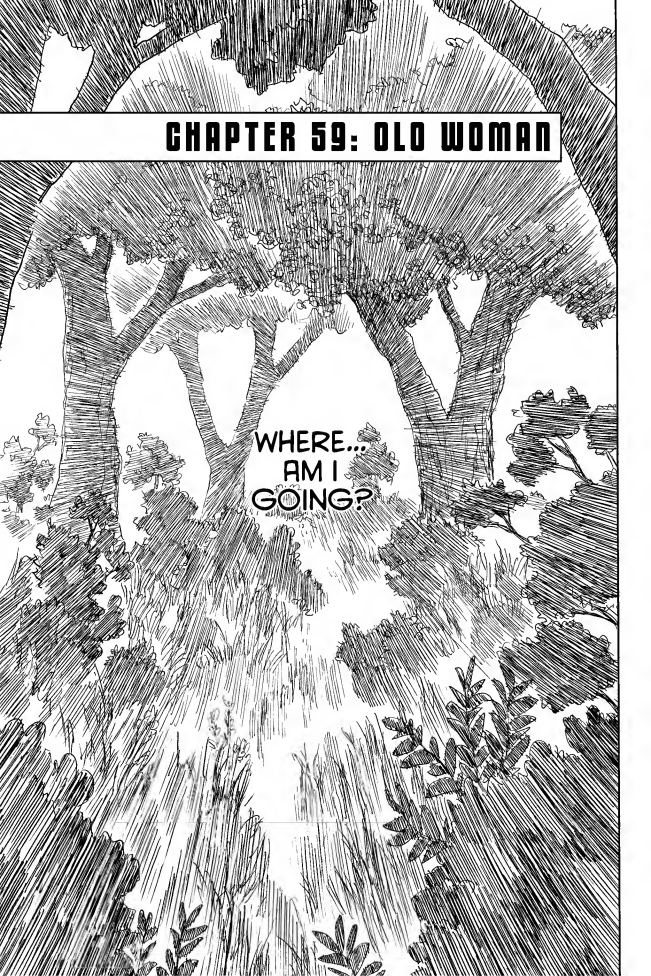
AAHH-
HHH....



寄生獸



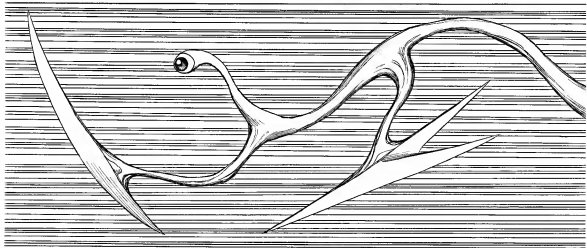
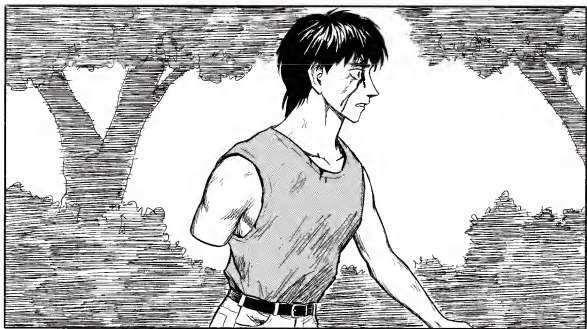
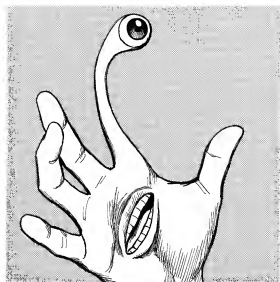
岩明均

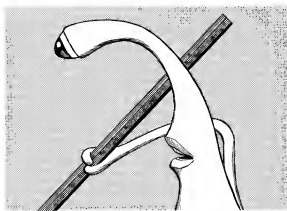
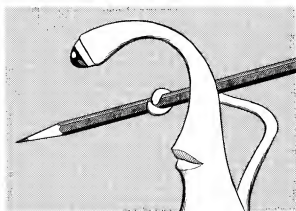
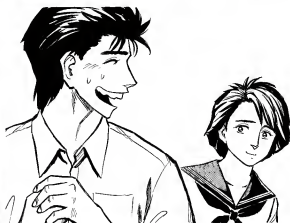
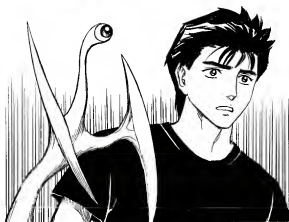
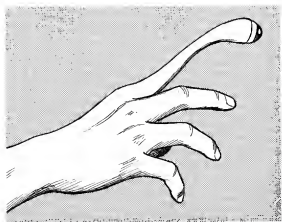


CHAPTER 59: OLD WOMAN

WHERE...
AM I
GOING?

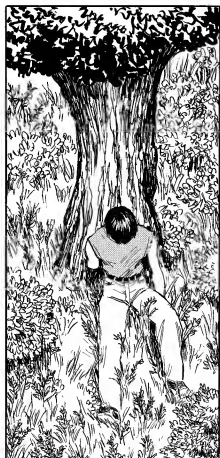


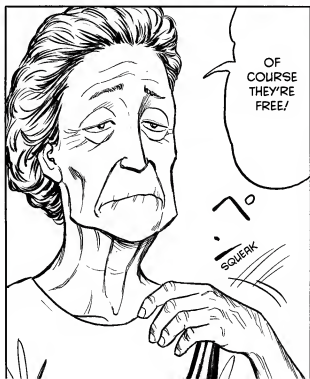
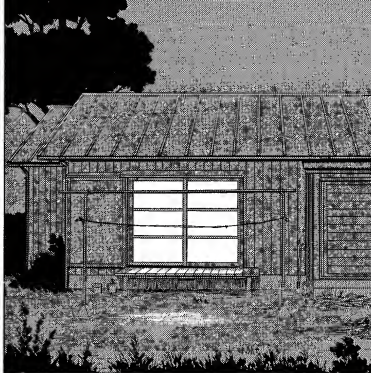


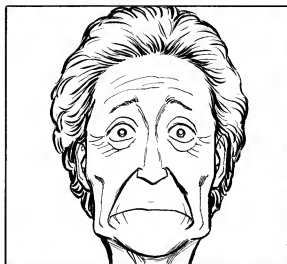
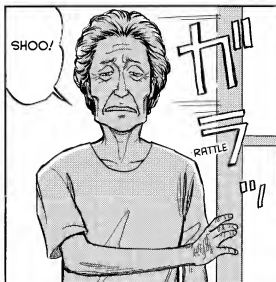
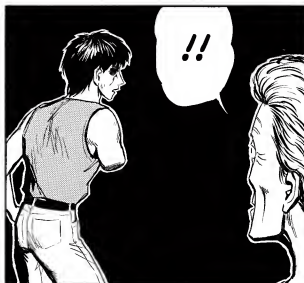


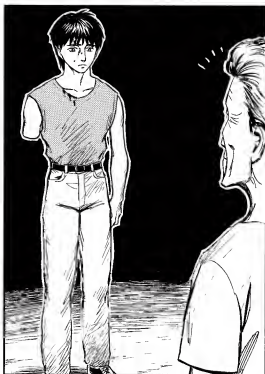


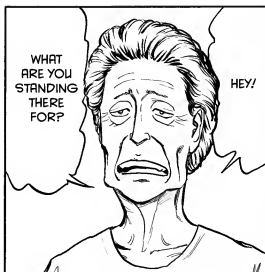
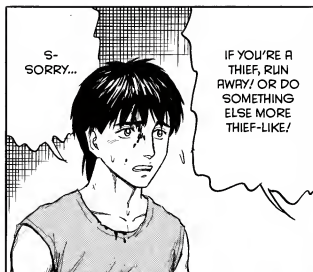
MIGI...

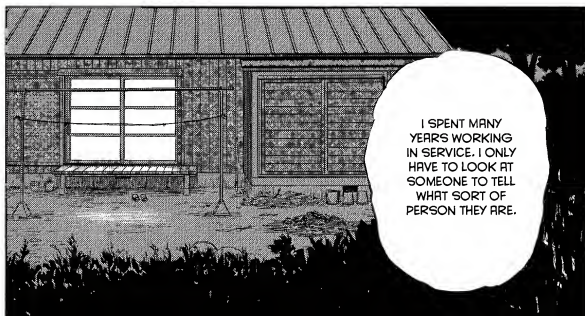
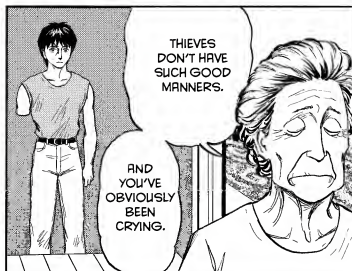
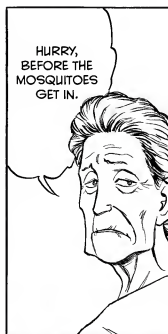


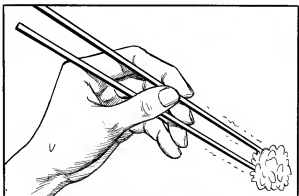
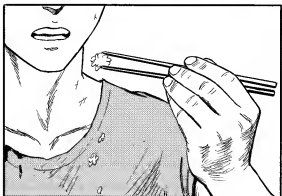
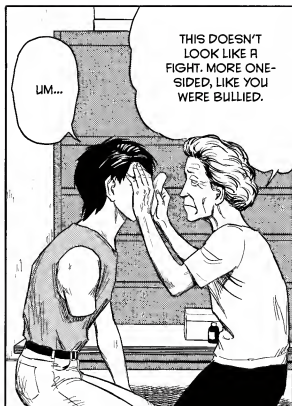
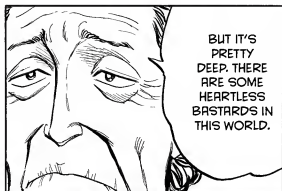


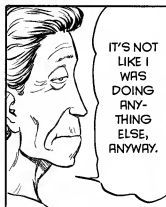


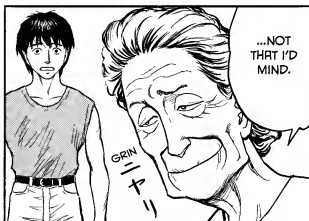


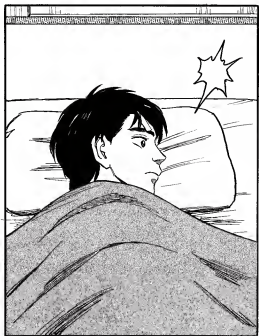
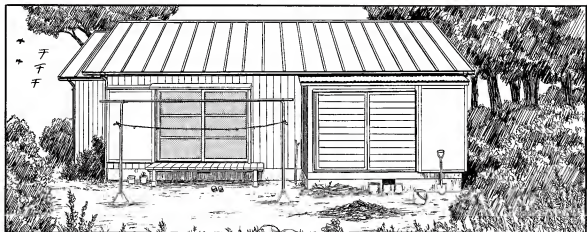


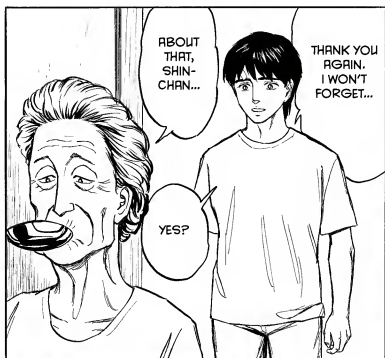




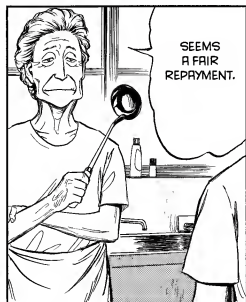


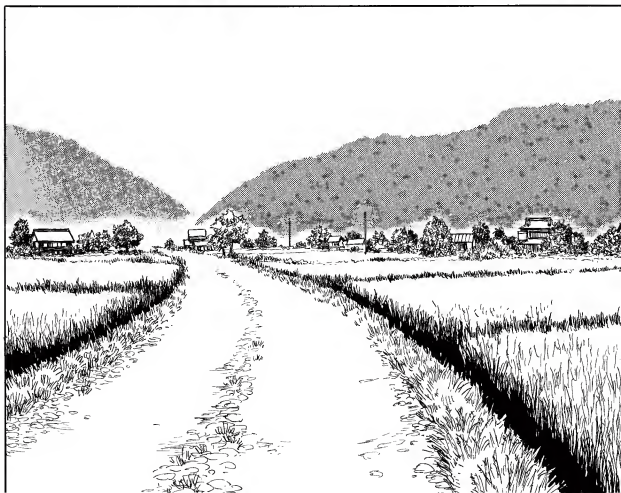


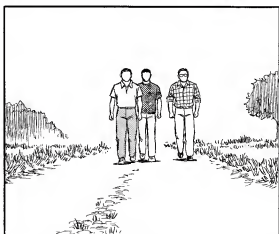
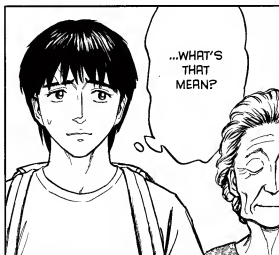
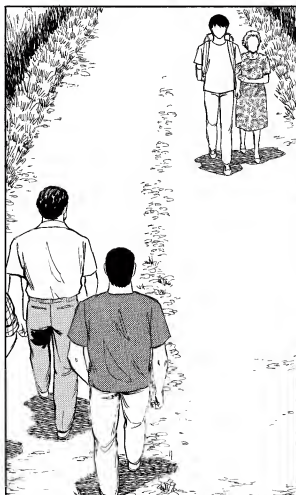
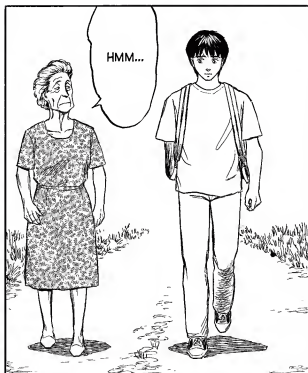
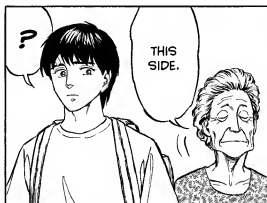


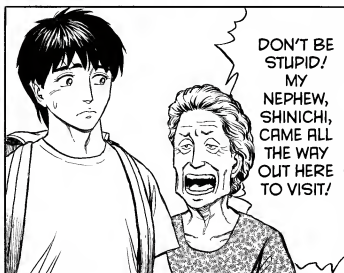
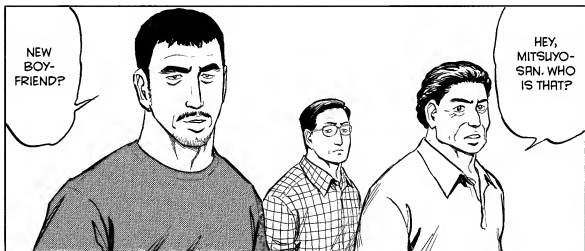


*APPROX 1.8 MILES







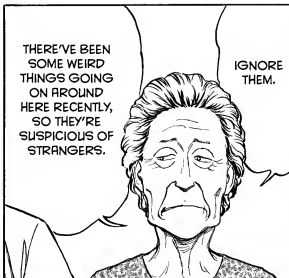




I'LL TELL
YOU
LATER.



WEIRD
THINGS?



THERE'VE BEEN
SOME WEIRD
THINGS GOING
ON AROUND
HERE RECENTLY,
SO THEY'RE
SUSPICIOUS OF
STRANGERS.

IGNORE
THEM.

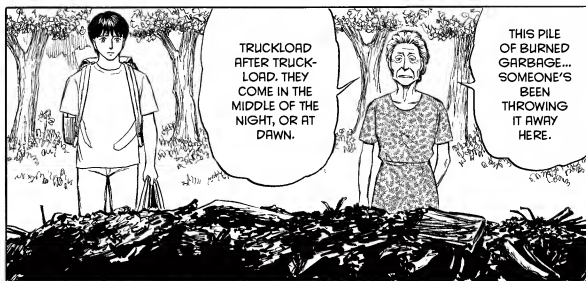


I'M USED
TO IT
NOW.

BUT MY DEAD
HUSBAND
INSISTED WE
SHOULD LIVE IN
THE COUNTRY IN
OUR OLD AGE.

FRANKLY, I LIKE
CITIES MUCH
BETTER THAN
THE COUNTRY. I
WORKED IN THE
CITY MOST OF
MY LIFE.





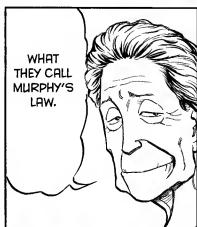
TRUCKLOAD
AFTER TRUCK-
LOAD. THEY
COME IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
NIGHT, OR AT
DAWN.

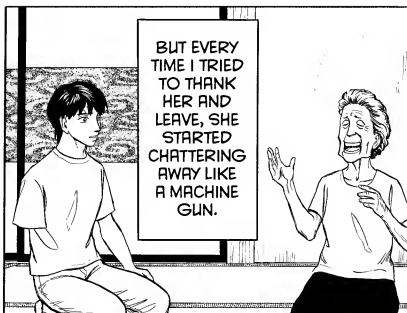
THIS PILE
OF BURNED
GARBAGE...
SOMEONE'S
BEEN
THROWING
IT AWAY
HERE.



YEAH...

I'VE HEARD
THE CITIES ARE
RUNNING OUT
OF SPACE, BUT
TO GO THIS
FAR?



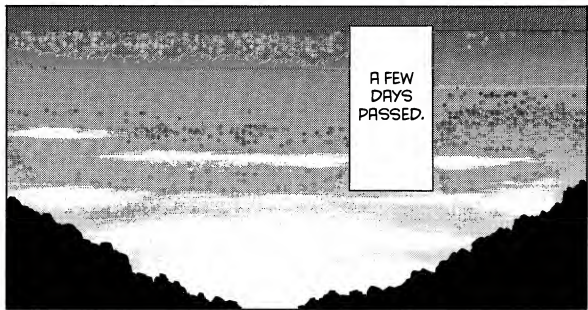


BUT EVERY
TIME I TRIED
TO THANK
HER AND
LEAVE, SHE
STARTED
CHATTERING
AWAY LIKE
A MACHINE
GUN.

AND I WAS
STILL NOT
SURE WHAT
TO DO NOW
THAT MIGI
WAS GONE.



A FEW
DAYS
PASSED.



ABOUT
MY
FRIEND
NAMED
MIGI.

HOW I
LOST MY
ARM...



BUT I CAN'T
IMPOSE ON
HER ANY
LONGER.
TOMORROW
I'LL GO HOME
AND TELL MY
FATHER EVERY-
THING.

THE DAY
MIGI FIRST
SHOWED UP,
EVERYTHING
WE DID
TOGETHER...

...AND
WHAT A
GREAT
GUY HE
WAS.



MUCH
MORE
THAN I'LL
EVER BE.

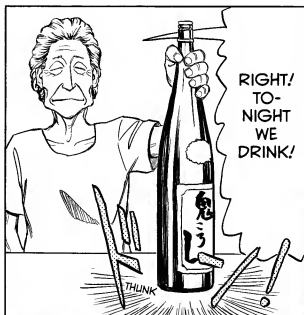
HE WAS
INTEL-
LIGENT,
AND
BRAVE.

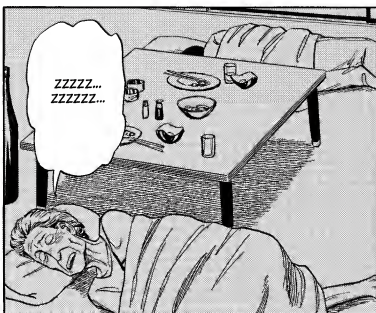
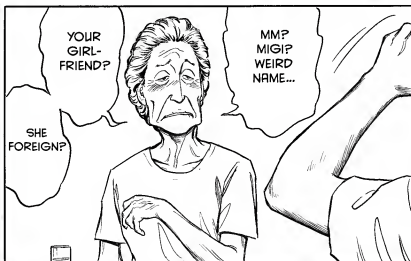


TO SAVE
ME...!

HE'S THE
REAL HERO.









MM? THIS
IS...HAVE I
BEEN HERE
BEFORE?



WHAT?
LOOKING
FOR SOME-
THING?

MM?
YOU'RE...



WHAT IS
THAT?



LOOK?
I CAN'T
REMEMBER...

THEN I
CAN'T
HELP.



A FRIEND?
WHAT DID
HE LOOK
LIKE?

LOOKING
FOR...

RIGHT, I'M
LOOKING
FOR A
FRIEND OF
MINE.

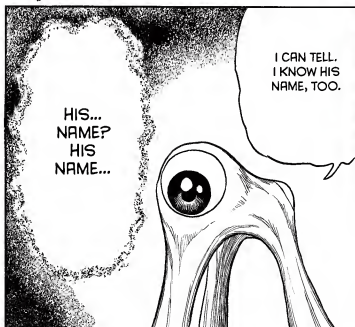


WHAT?
DEAD?

OH...I REMEMBER
NOW...I
REMEMBER.
HE'S...HE'S...HE'S
DEAD....

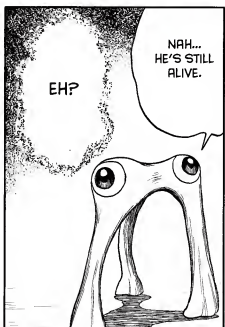
UM...WAIT...
YEAH, HE
LOOKED...
KINDA LIKE
YOU...

YEAH...



HIS...
NAME?
HIS
NAME...

I CAN TELL.
I KNOW HIS
NAME, TOO.



EH?

NAH...
HE'S STILL
ALIVE.





THERE'S A
FEW CELLS
LEFT!!

M-
MIGI!!

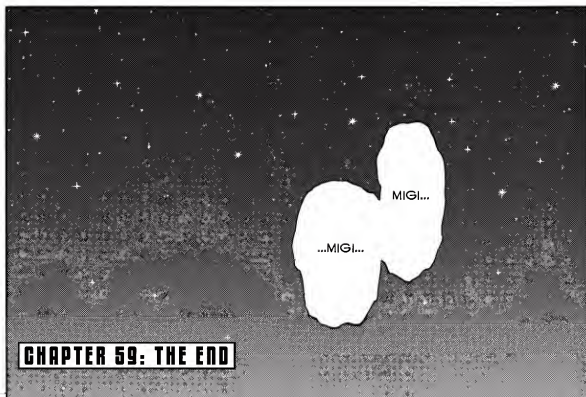
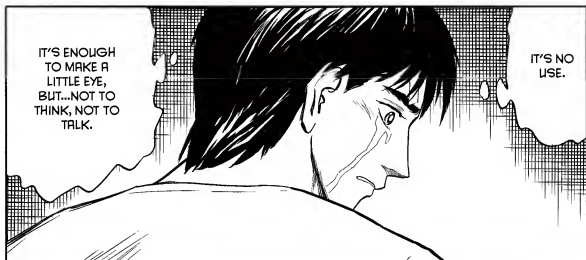


IT'S ME!
YOU RE-
MEMBER,
RIGHT?



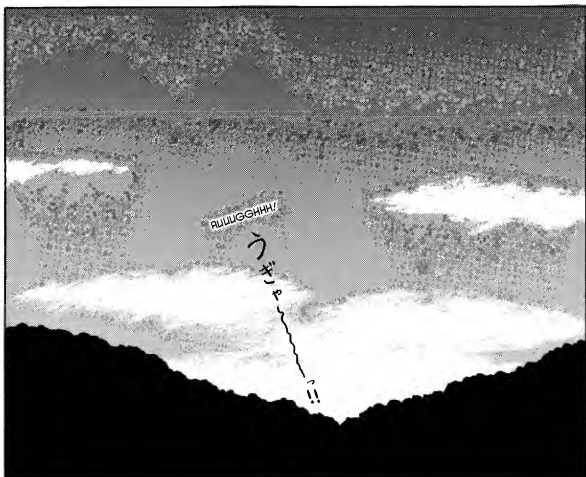
...OR
DRUNK.

SHUT UP...
YOU'RE
DREAMING...

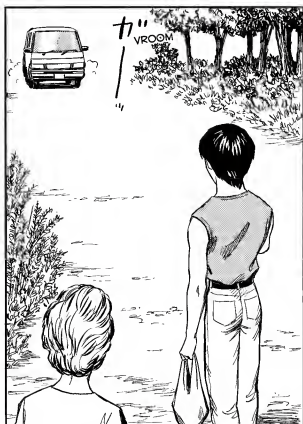
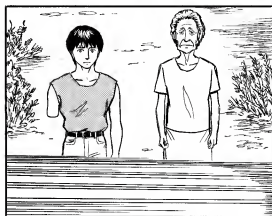
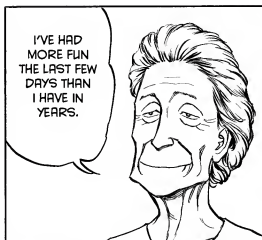


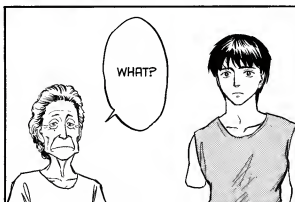
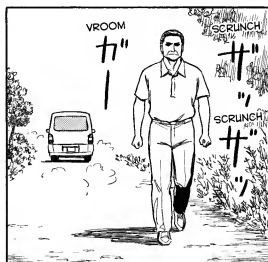
CHAPTER 60: RESOLVE













IT'S ALL
GONE
WRONG!

THERE'S JUST
BEEN TOO MUCH
STRANGENESS
GOING ON.



WE CAN'T
AFFORD
TO OVER-
LOOK ANY-
THING!



AND WE
DON'T
KNOW
YOU...



AND
NOW
MURDER
!!



HUH!?



TRY
MAKING
SENSE!

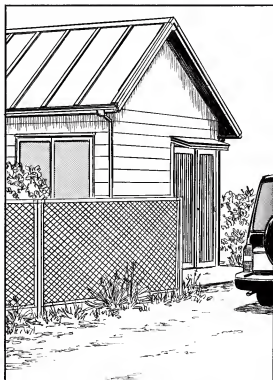
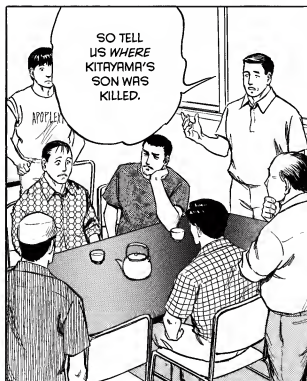
CALM
THE
HELL
DOWN!

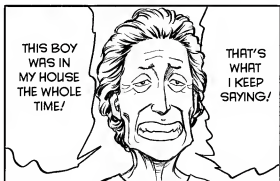
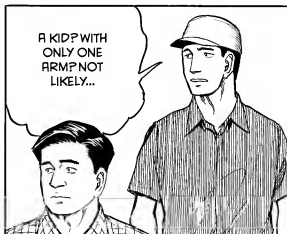


THEN
THAT CAR
CRASH
WITH NO
PASSENGERS IN
EITHER
CAR...

FIRST THE
PILES OF
BURNED
GARBAGE...

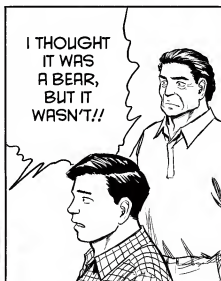


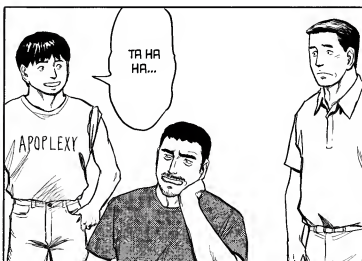


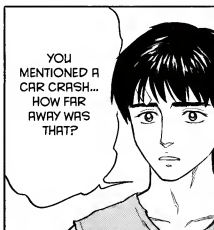
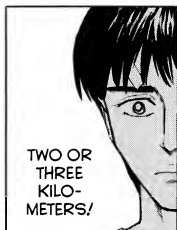


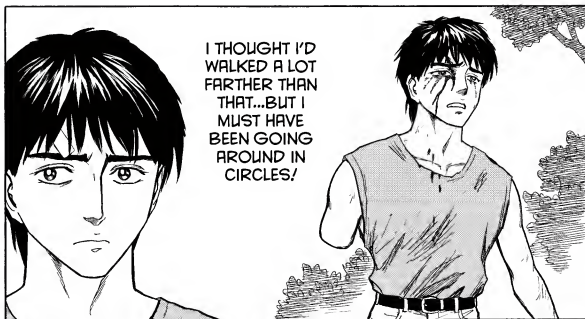


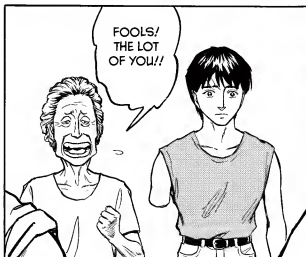
*APPROX 10 FEET

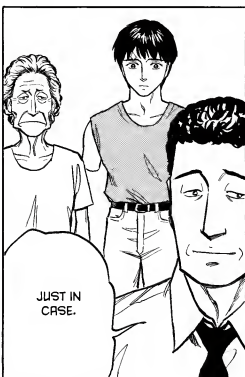


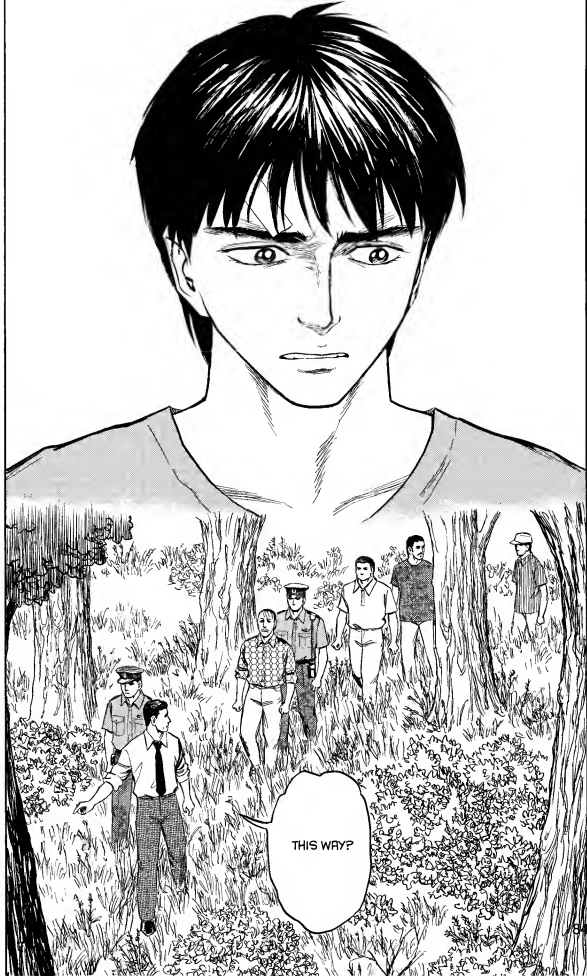








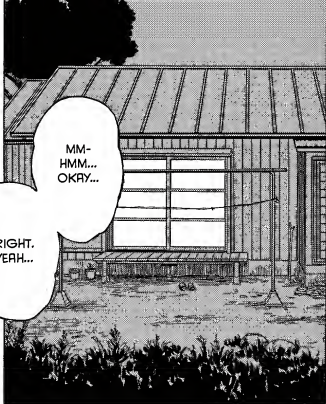






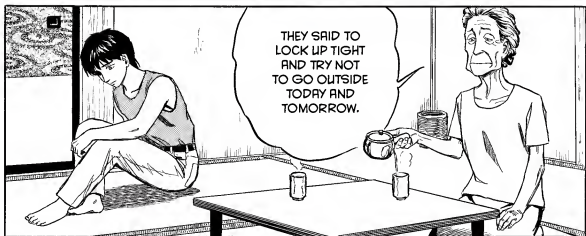






MM-
HMM...
OKAY...

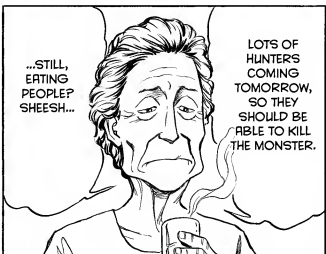
RIGHT.
YEAH...



THEY SAID TO
LOCK UP TIGHT
AND TRY NOT
TO GO OUTSIDE
TODAY AND
TOMORROW.

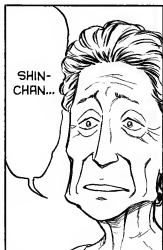
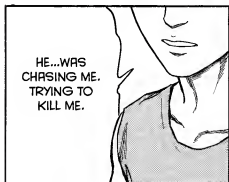


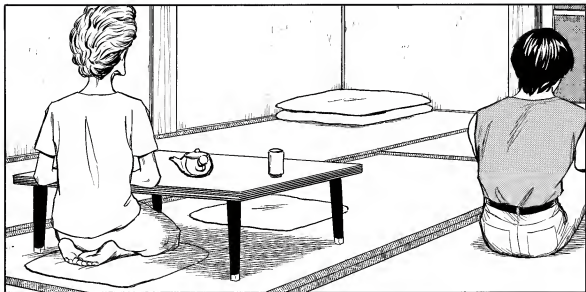
RIFLES
WON'T
WORK.

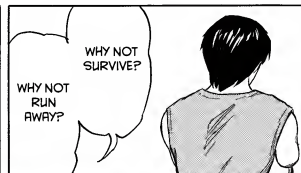
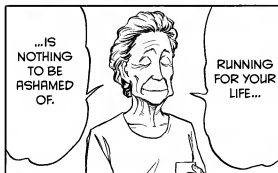
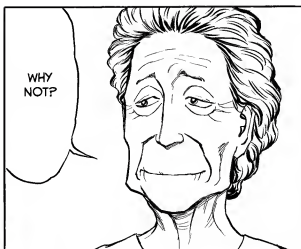
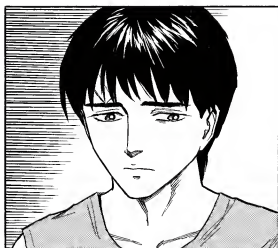


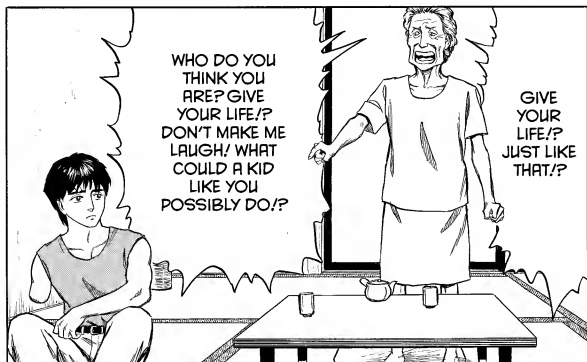
...STILL,
EATING
PEOPLE?
SHEESH...

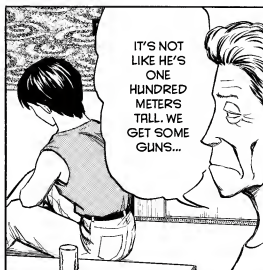
LOTS OF
HUNTERS
COMING
TOMORROW,
SO THEY
SHOULD BE
ABLE TO KILL
THE MONSTER.



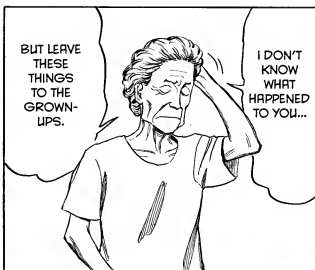








IT'S NOT
LIKE HE'S
ONE
HUNDRED
METERS
TALL. WE
GET SOME
GUNS...



BUT LEAVE
THESE
THINGS
TO THE
GROWN-
UPS.

I DON'T
KNOW
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU...



POPPY-
COCK.

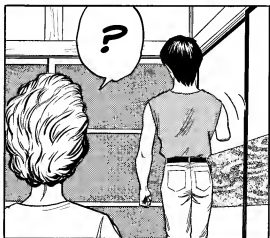
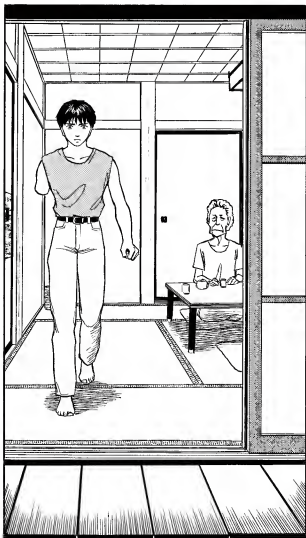


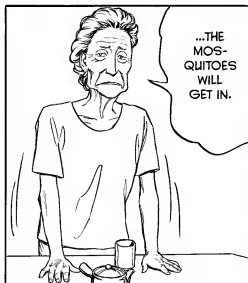
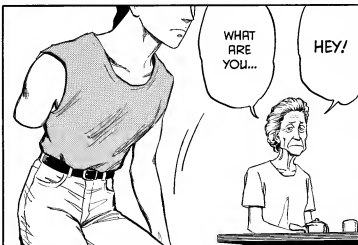
I STAND
A BETTER
CHANCE
ALONE.

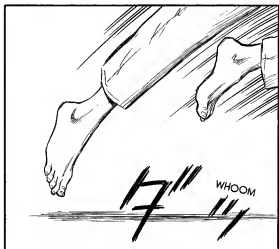
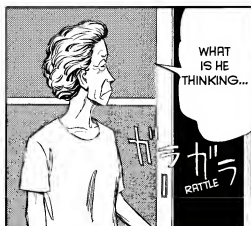


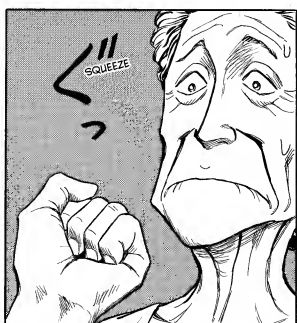
HOW CAN
I PUT
THIS...

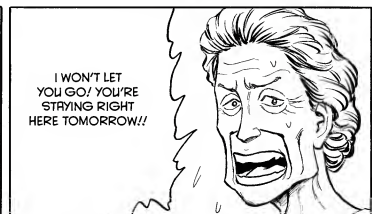


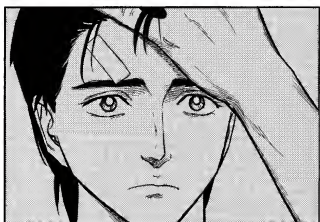


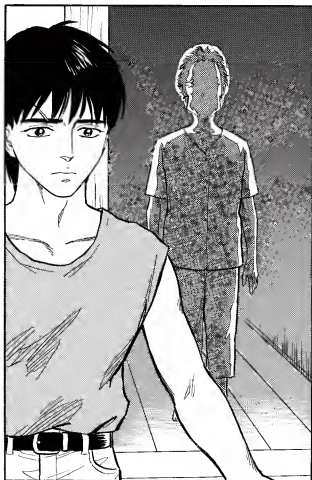














I MEAN...IT'S ONLY HUMAN TO CARE ABOUT PEOPLE. EVEN COMPLETE STRANGERS, ONCE YOU GET TO KNOW THEM.

ISN'T THERE ANYONE... YOU'RE GOING TO MISS?

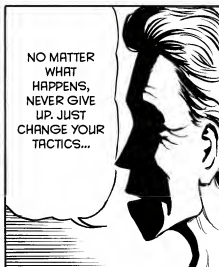


THINK THINGS OVER. IF YOU JUST THROW YOURSELF AT IT YOU'RE FINISHED.

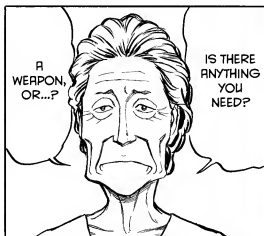
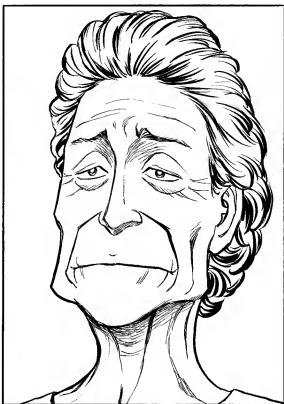
WELL...I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH TIME YOU HAVE LEFT, BUT...AS MUCH AS YOU CAN...

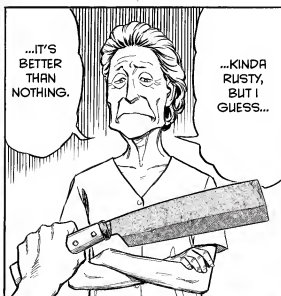
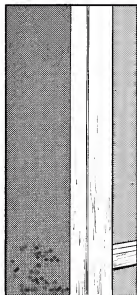


BUT YOU...



NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, NEVER GIVE UP. JUST CHANGE YOUR TACTICS...





I HOPE THE
FORM HE'S
TAKEN IS AN
OBVIOUS
ONE...

I'VE GOT ONE SERIOUS
PROBLEM..IF GOTO
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE
ELSE, I'LL NEVER
RECOGNIZE HIM.



CHAPTER 60: THE END

CHAPTER 61: SINISTER FORM



IF IT
WEREN'T
FOR THE
MOON, IT
WOULD
BE PITCH
BLACK...



I DON'T
KNOW IF I
CAN FIND
GOTO'S
BREATHING
IN ALL THIS...

INSECTS
AND
ANIMALS
CRYING
OUT,
MOVING
AROUND...

AND I
THOUGHT
THE
MOUNTAINS
WOULD BE
QUIET AT
NIGHT.



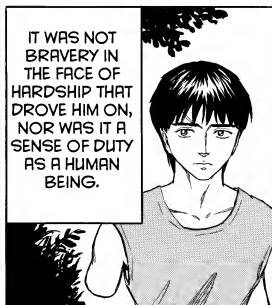
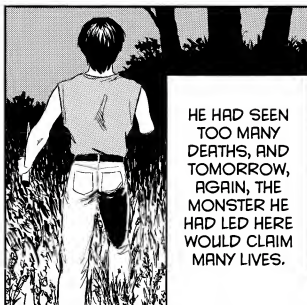
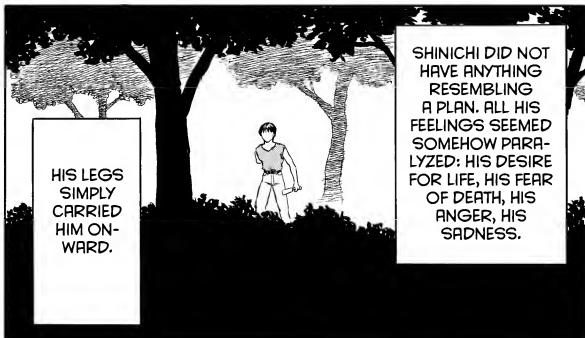
OH,
THAT'S
NOT IT...



...IT'S
MADE
FOR THE
RIGHT
HAND.



THIS
HATCHET
DOESN'T
CUT AT
ALL...





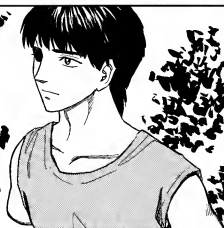
REALISTI-
CALLY,
ALL THAT
WAITED FOR
HIM WAS
CERTAIN
DEATH.



THERE WAS A
STRANGE KIND
OF BALANCE.
"IT MUST BE MY
TURN SOON"
OR "IT'S NOT
RIGHT THAT I'M
THE ONLY
ONE WHO
SURVIVES."

COUPLED WITH
THE GUILT
OF HAVING
STARTED THIS
ALL, HE WAS
STARTING TO
FEEL "ENOUGH
ALREADY." IN
OTHER WORDS,
THIS WAS A
FORM OF
ESCAPE.

"I MIGHT
THINK OF
SOME-
THING
ONCE
I FIND
HIM..."



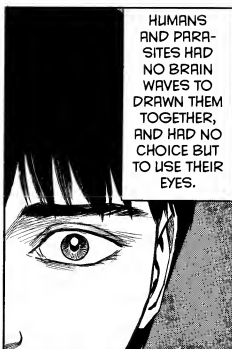
BUT THE MORE
HE WALKED,
THE MORE
OPTIMISTIC HE
FELT. HE DID
NOT KNOW THE
REASON WHY.

EVEN
THOUGH
HE
SHOULD
HAVE
KNOWN
BETTER.

BUT GIVEN
THE SIZE
OF THE
MOUNTAIN,
IT WAS
STILL
NEARLY
MIRACU-
LOUS...

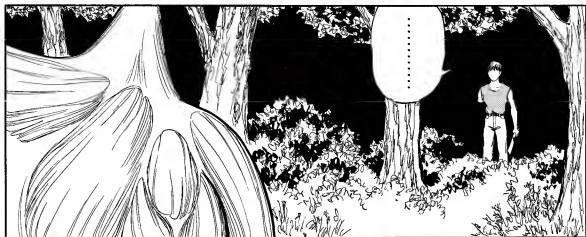
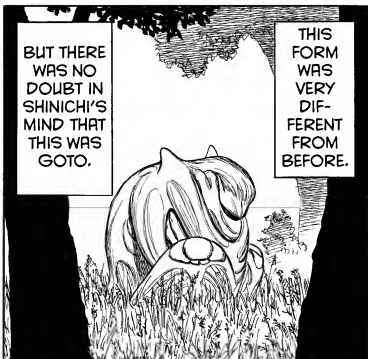
CERTAINLY,
SHINICHI'S
SENSES
WERE
SUPER-
HUMAN.
ADD TO
THAT A
KIND OF
ANIMAL
INSTINCT.

HUMANS
AND PARA-
SITES HAD
NO BRAIN
WAVES TO
DRAW THEM
TOGETHER,
AND HAD NO
CHOICE BUT
TO USE THEIR
EYES.



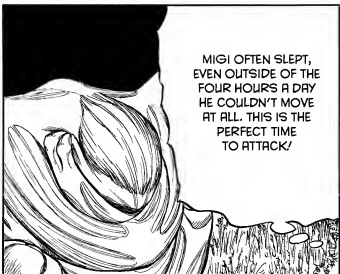
...THAT
SHINICHI
FOUND
GOTO
FIRST.







HE ALMOST
CRIED OUT.



MIGI OFTEN SLEPT,
EVEN OUTSIDE OF THE
FOUR HOURS A DAY
HE COULDN'T MOVE
AT ALL. THIS IS THE
PERFECT TIME
TO ATTACK!



NOT HAVING
MIGI ALLOWED
ME TO GET
THIS CLOSE...

I AM NOT A
PARASITE.



NO, NOT
ONLY
THIS...



THAT STRANGE
FEELING I HAD,
THAT THINGS
WOULD TURN
OUT WELL...WAS
THAT THIS?



YOU AREN'T
DEAD, BUT
HIDING
INSIDE HIS
BODY.

MAYBE...
JUST
MAYBE...



MIGI...

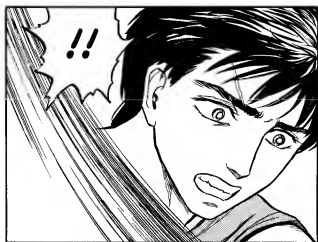


MIGI! I FEEL
LIKE ALL I
HAVE TO DO
IS SHOUT,
AND YOU'LL
ANSWER.

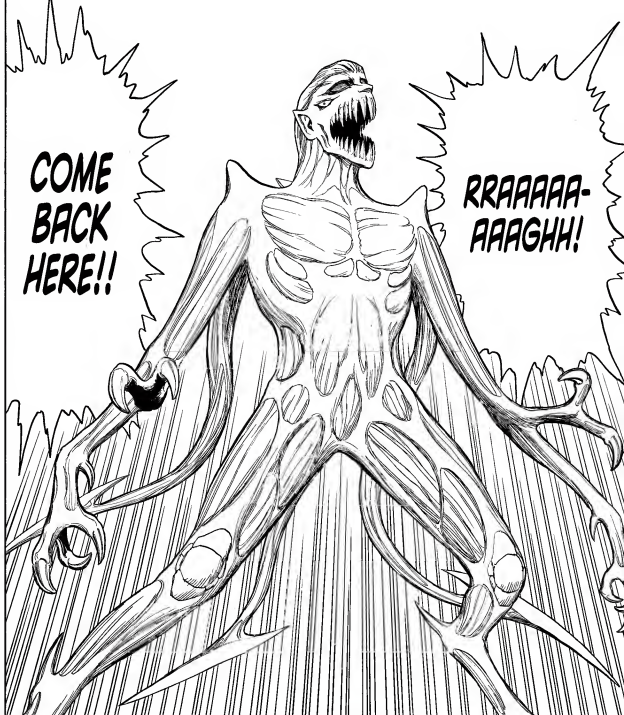


EVER
SINCE I
HAD THAT
DREAM,
I...



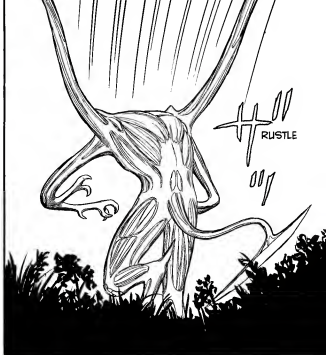






I'M FINISHED!
HE'LL KILL
ME!!

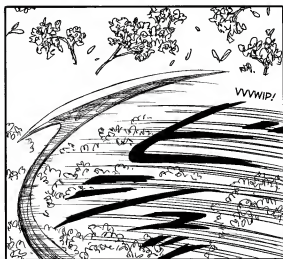




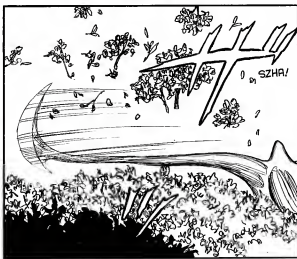


IF I CAN
LEAVE YOU
WOUNDED!

I KNOW I CAN'T
WIN...BUT IF I
CAN DAMAGE
YOU BEFORE
TOMORROW...



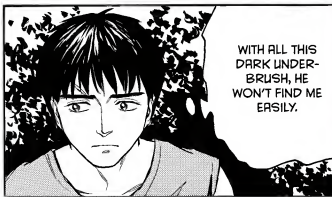
VVVWIP!



SZHA!



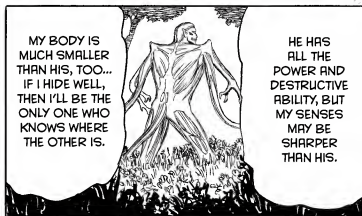
WAIT...



WITH ALL THIS
DARK UNDER-
BRUSH, HE
WON'T FIND ME
EASILY.

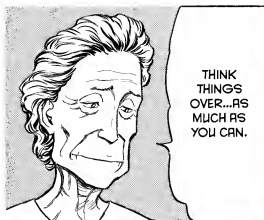


I CAN FIGHT! I
CAN DO THIS. I
JUST NEED TO
KEEP MY HEAD
COOL, AND
PLAN!

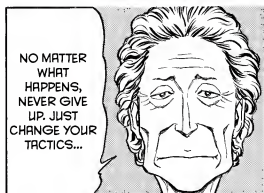


MY BODY IS
MUCH SMALLER
THAN HIS, TOO...
IF I HIDE WELL,
THEN I'LL BE THE
ONLY ONE WHO
KNOWS WHERE
THE OTHER IS.

HE HAS
ALL THE
POWER AND
DESTRUCTIVE
ABILITY, BUT
MY SENSES
MAY BE
SHARPER
THAN HIS.



THINK
THINGS
OVER...AS
MUCH AS
YOU CAN.



NO MATTER
WHAT
HAPPENS,
NEVER GIVE
UP. JUST
CHANGE YOUR
TACTICS...



MIGI!
TELL ME!

WHAT
SHOULD I
DO? HOW
CAN I HURT
HIM...



GRRR...



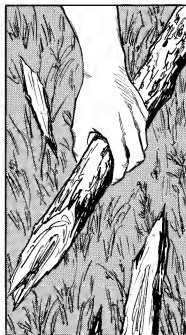
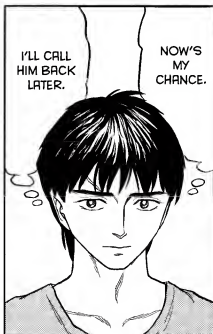
I WON'T GIVE
UP! IF I THINK,
I'LL FIND A
WAY...SOME-
HOW.

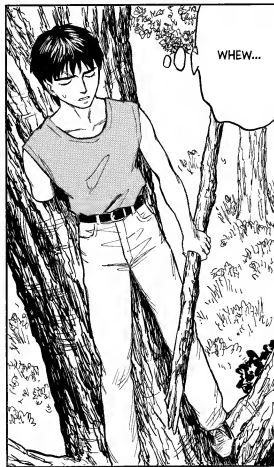
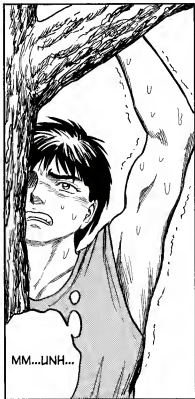


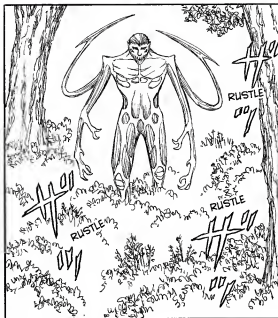
BUT...I'VE
LOST THE
RUSTY
HATCHET...
I CAN'T CUT
HIS HEAD OFF.

MAYBE NOT
WHEN HE'S
ASLEEP, BUT
NOW THAT HE'S
MOVING...JUST
LIKE MIGI SAID,
HIS NECK'S HIS
WEAK POINT!

...HIS NECK,
SAME AS
LAST TIME.







BUT FROM OVERHEAD, THERE'S A CLEAR 'HOLE.' A SOFT PLACE ON THE NECK WHERE THE WINDPIPE AND ESOPHAGUS GO.



ALL HIS CRITICAL ORGANS ARE IN THE TORSO... FROM HIS LEVEL, THERE'S NO WAY TO TELL WHERE THE CHINKS IN HIS ARMOR ARE.



ABOUT WHERE I HIT HIM WITH THE HATCHET.

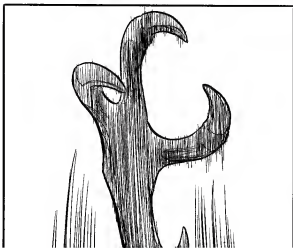


THE PROBLEM IS THE ANGLE, IT SHOULD BE A LITTLE OFF DIRECTLY DOWN.

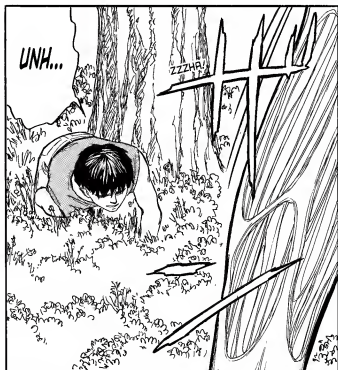
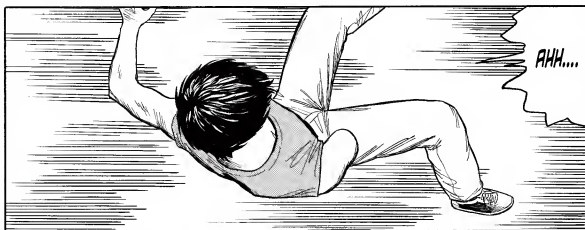


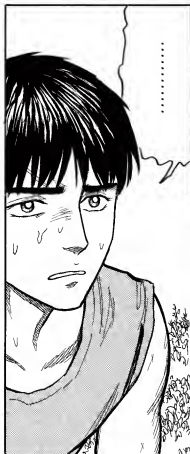
IF I CAN GET THIS IN THERE...





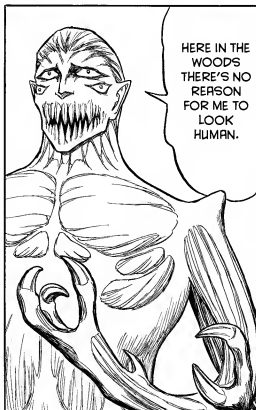






DIDN'T YOU
RUN OFF LIKE
A LIZARD
WITH IT'S TAIL
CUT OFF?

SO IT'S
YOU...



HERE IN THE
WOODS
THERE'S NO
REASON
FOR ME TO
LOOK
HUMAN.

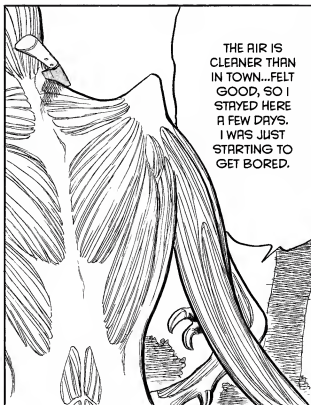


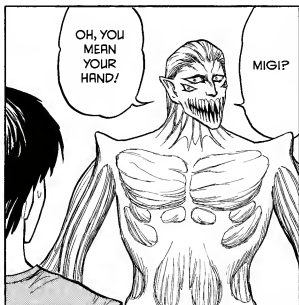
AS A
HUMAN?
ALL BY
YOURSELF?

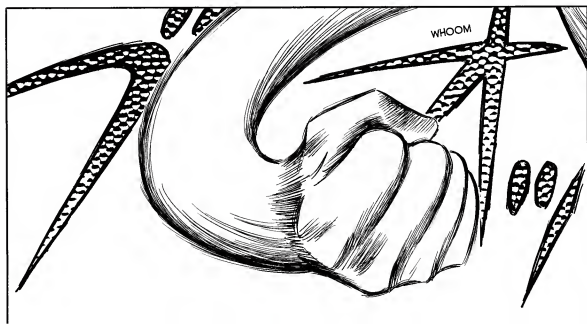
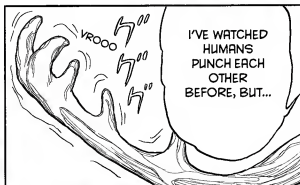
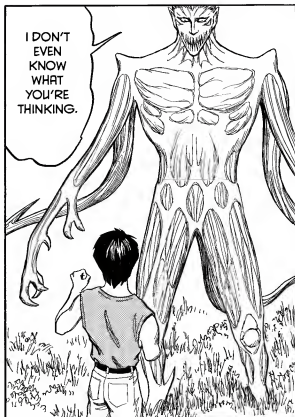
BUT
NOW
YOU
WANT TO
FIGHT
SOME
MORE?

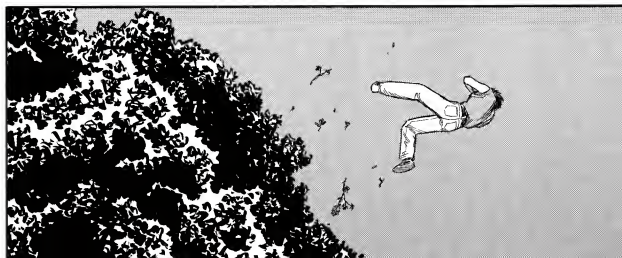
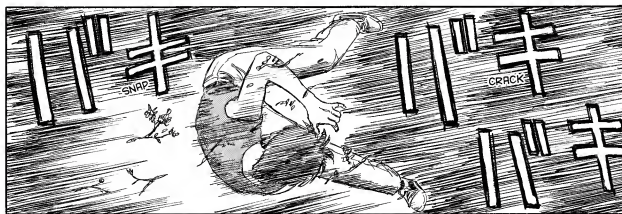


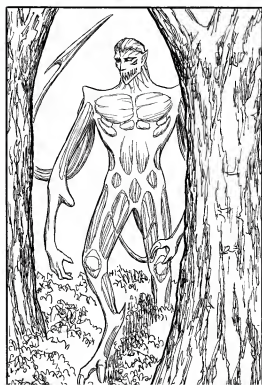
THE NEW SHAPE
SUITS YOU...
A MONSTER
LIKE YOU HAS
NO BUSINESS
DISGUISED AS
A HUMAN.

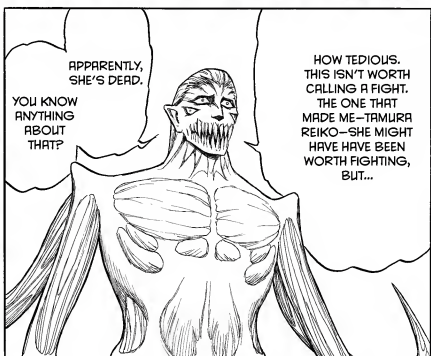














HE IS MERELY
A WEAK
PARASITE
CREATED
THROUGH
MY EXPERI-
MENTS, BUT...
HE CAN'T BE
DEFEATED.



GOTO...
DO NOT
FIGHT
HIM.



...HE
CAN'T BE
DEFEATED.



...MERELY
A WEAK
PARASITE...



...A
WEAK
PARA-
SITE...



SCREEEE

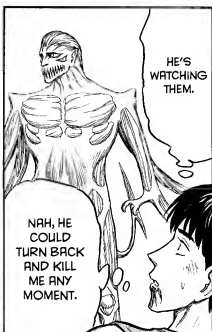
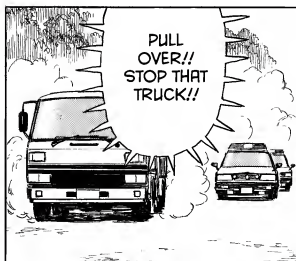


WEAK, BUT
INVIN-
CIBLE?

WEAK...?



AH WELL. TIME
FOR YOU TO
DIE. BECOME
GARBAGE
LIKE THAT
AROUND YOU.

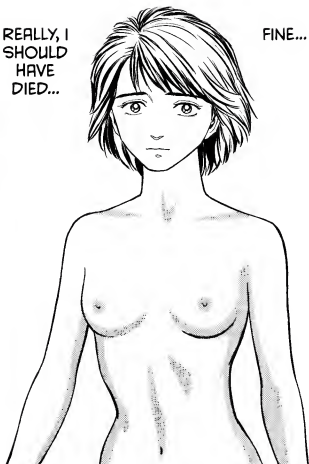




...THAT DAY...

REALLY, I
SHOULD
HAVE
DIED...

FINE...



AND I'M
A LITTLE
TIRED.

NEXT TIME.
SO MANY DISTRAC-
TIONS...



I
SHOULD
KILL
YOU.



FIFTY-
THREE
DEAD.



...A
LITTLE
TIRED.



NEXT
TIME...
I'M A
LITTLE
TIRED.



DON'T
LOSE.

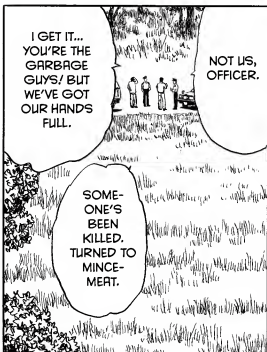


STILL
WATCHING...



WHAT'S
THAT
BLOOD?

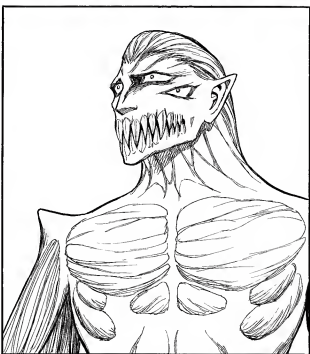
THAT
BLOOD...

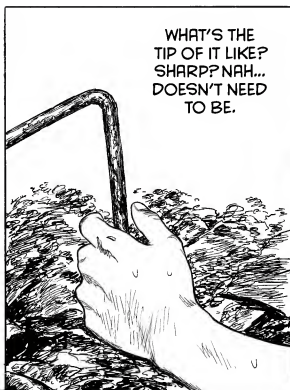


I GET IT...
YOU'RE THE
GARBAGE
GUYS! BUT
WE'VE GOT
OUR HANDS
FULL.

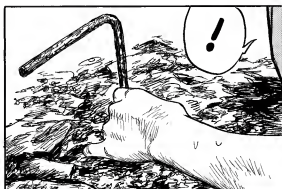
NOT US,
OFFICER.

SOME-
ONE'S
BEEN
KILLED.
TURNED TO
MINCE-
MEAT.

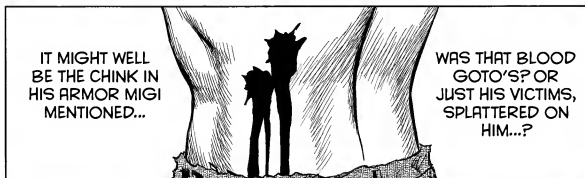




WHAT'S THE
TIP OF IT LIKE?
SHARP? NAH...
DOESN'T NEED
TO BE.

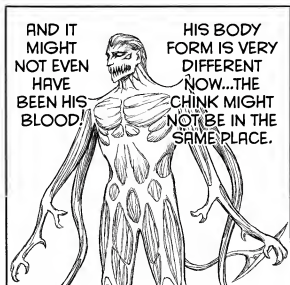


WHAT'S
THIS?
AN IRON
ROD?



IT MIGHT WELL
BE THE CHINK IN
HIS ARMOR MIGHT
MENTIONED...

WAS THAT BLOOD
GOTO'S? OR
JUST HIS VICTIMS,
SPLATTERED ON
HIM...?

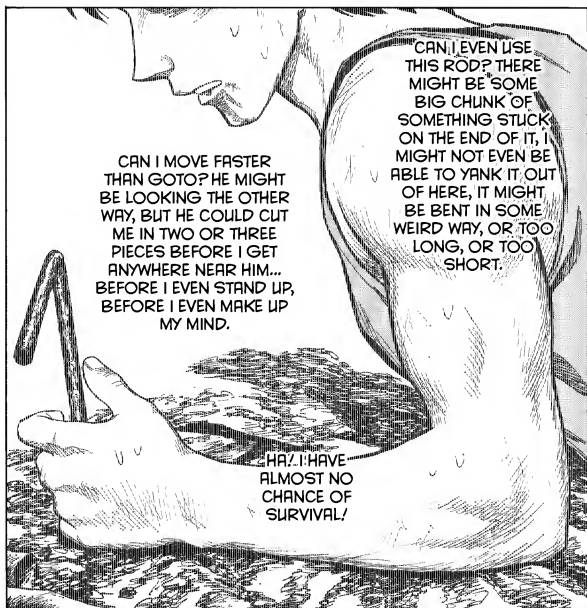


AND IT
MIGHT
NOT EVEN
HAVE
BEEN HIS
BLOOD!

HIS BODY
FORM IS VERY
DIFFERENT
NOW...THE
CHINK MIGHT
NOT BE IN THE
SAME PLACE.



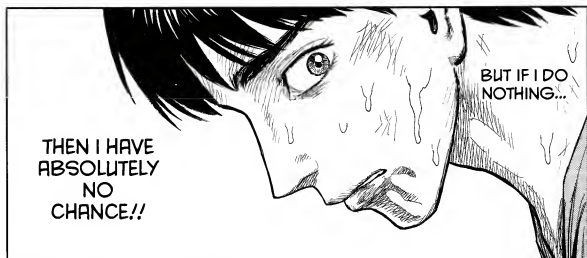
CAN I SOMEHOW
JAM THIS IRON
ROD IN THERE?



CAN I MOVE FASTER
THAN GOTO? HE MIGHT
BE LOOKING THE OTHER
WAY, BUT HE COULD CUT
ME IN TWO OR THREE
PIECES BEFORE I GET
ANYWHERE NEAR HIM...
BEFORE I EVEN STAND UP,
BEFORE I EVEN MAKE UP
MY MIND.

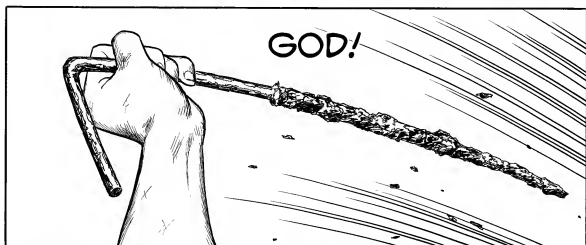
CAN I EVEN USE
THIS ROD? THERE
MIGHT BE SOME
BIG CHUNK OF
SOMETHING STUCK
ON THE END OF IT, I
MIGHT NOT EVEN BE
ABLE TO YANK IT OUT
OF HERE, IT MIGHT
BE BENT IN SOME
WEIRD WAY, OR TOO
LONG, OR TOO
SHORT.

HA! I HAVE
ALMOST NO
CHANCE OF
SURVIVAL!



THEN I HAVE
ABSOLUTELY
NO
CHANCE!!

BUT IF I DO
NOTHING...



GOD!



CHAPTER 62: MORNING

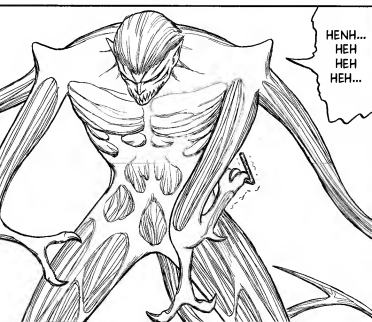
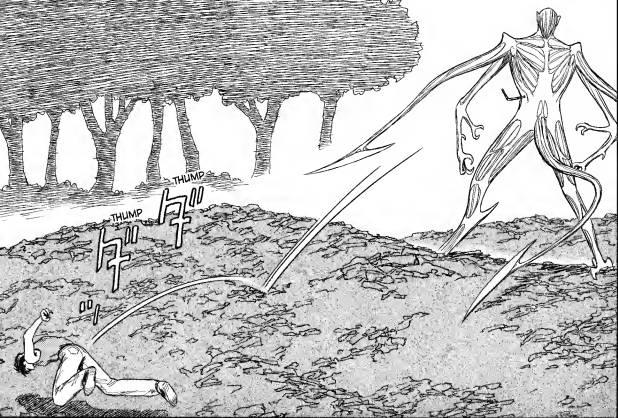






GAAAAAH!

SLAM!





HUMAN...
A MERE
HUMAN...



H-HEY...
WHAT THE
HELL IS
THAT?



**RRRAAAA-
AAAAGGH
HHHHH!!**

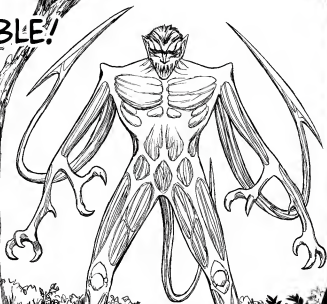


SPLOSH



SHUDDER!!
EEEEEEK!

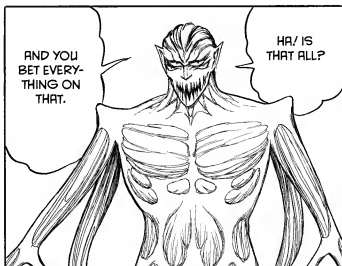
UNFORGIVABLE!

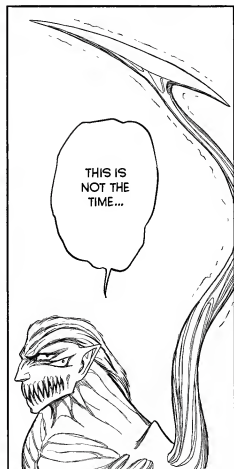


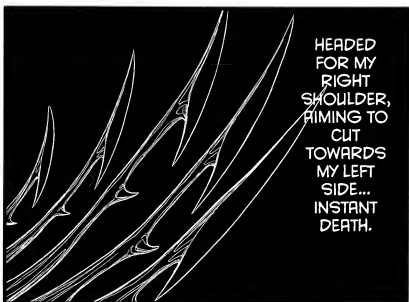


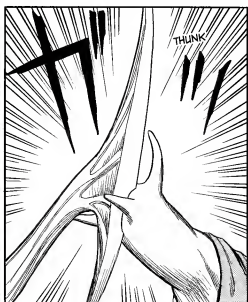


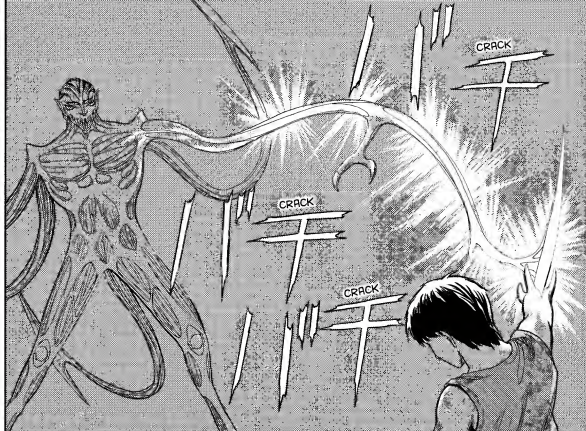


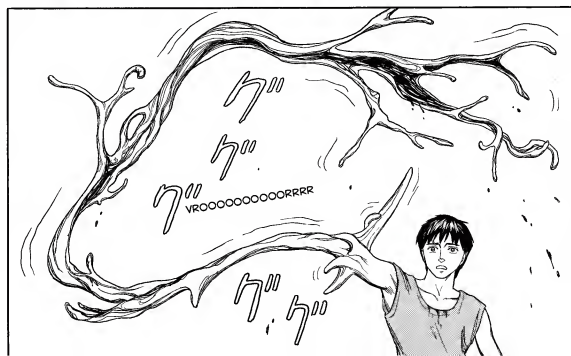
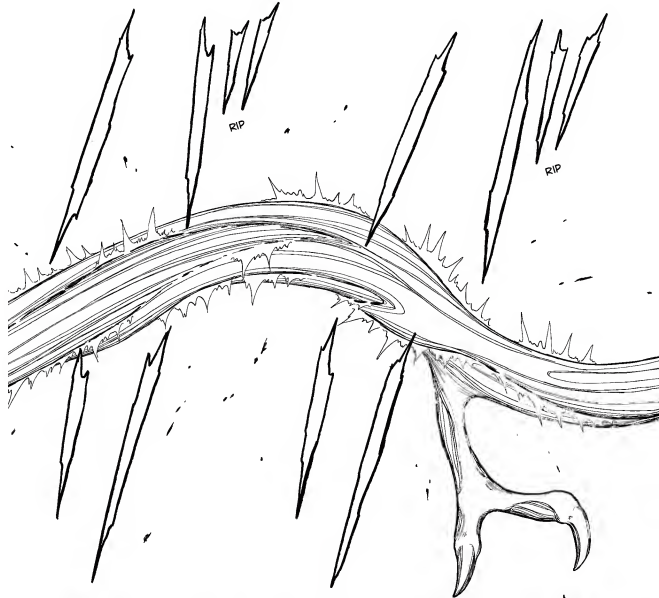
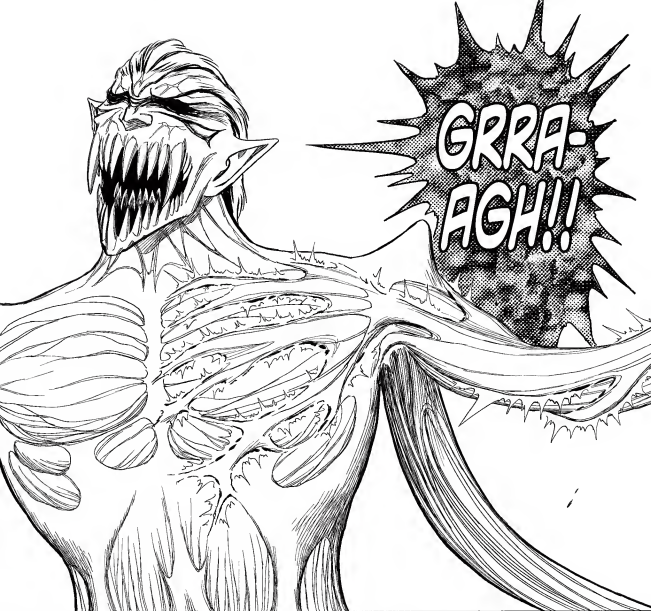


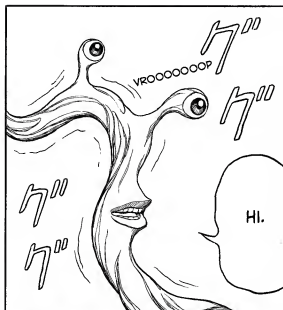


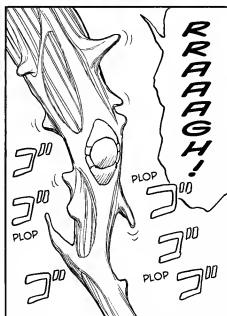
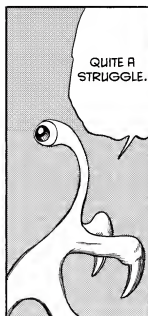
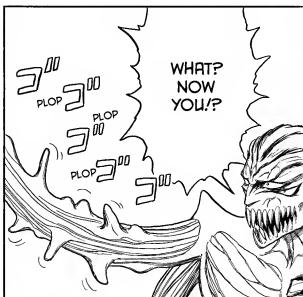


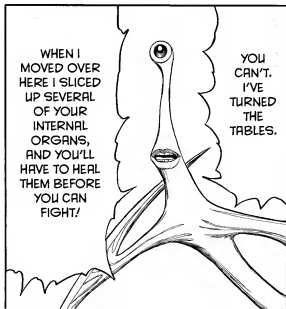
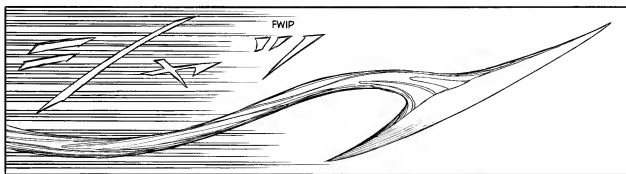














RRRAAGH!

FOOM

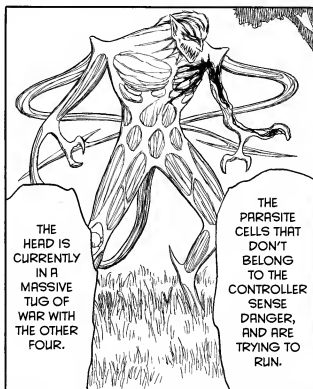


DAMN
IT...HOW
DARE
YOU...

ク
ク
ク
PLOP

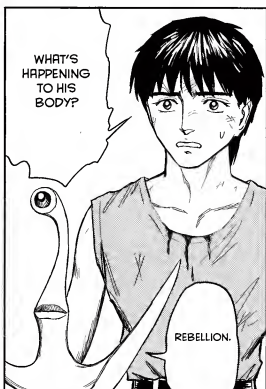
ク
ク
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PLOP

ク
ク
ク
PLOP



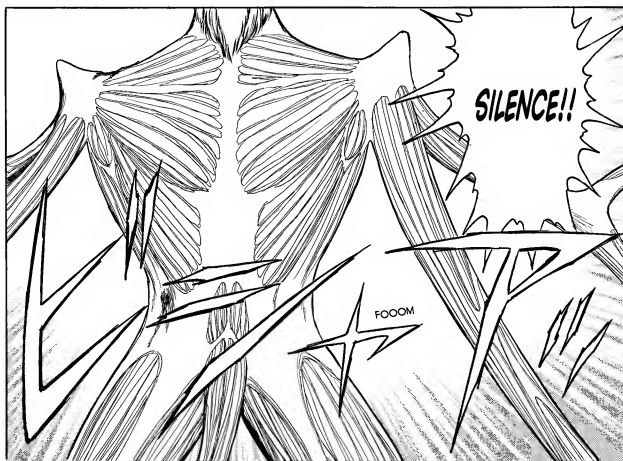
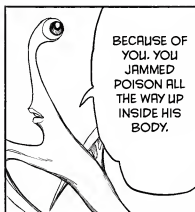
THE
HEAD IS
CURRENTLY
IN A
MASSIVE
TUG OF
WAR WITH
THE OTHER
FOUR.

THE
PARASITE
CELLS THAT
DON'T
BELONG
TO THE
CONTROLLER
SENSE
DANGER,
AND ARE
TRYING TO
RUN.



WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO HIS
BODY?

REBELLION.





A MERE
HUMAN...

UNFOR-
GIVABLE...
UNFOR-
GIVABLE!!



HE'S VERY
ANGRY...BUT
NOT JUST
BECAUSE YOU
MANAGED TO
HURT HIM.



IN OTHER
WORDS...
"KILL AND
EAT THIS
SPECIES."



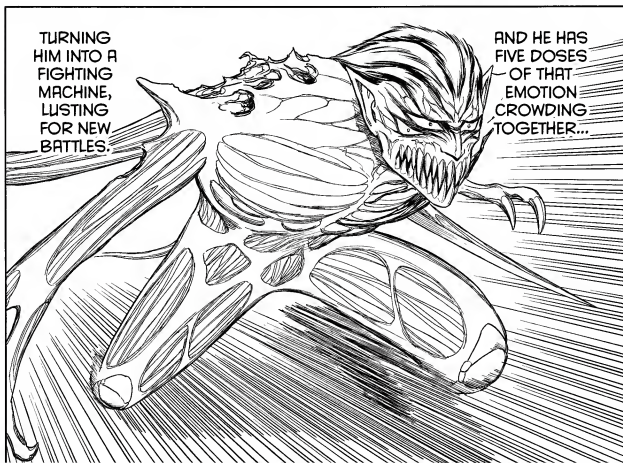
THE ANGER
THAT FILLS
HIM...IS A
FEELING
I DO NOT
HAVE,
SINCE I
FAILED TO
TAKE THE
BRAIN.



YIKES!

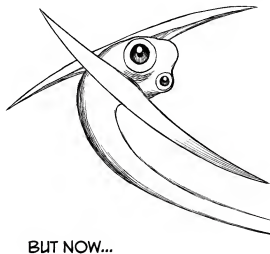


**GRAAA-
AAAAAAA-
GGHHH!**

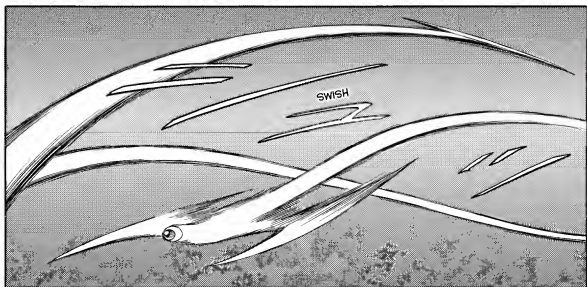


TURNING
HIM INTO A
FIGHTING
MACHINE,
LUSTING
FOR NEW
BATTLES.

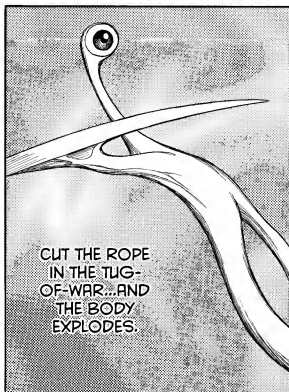
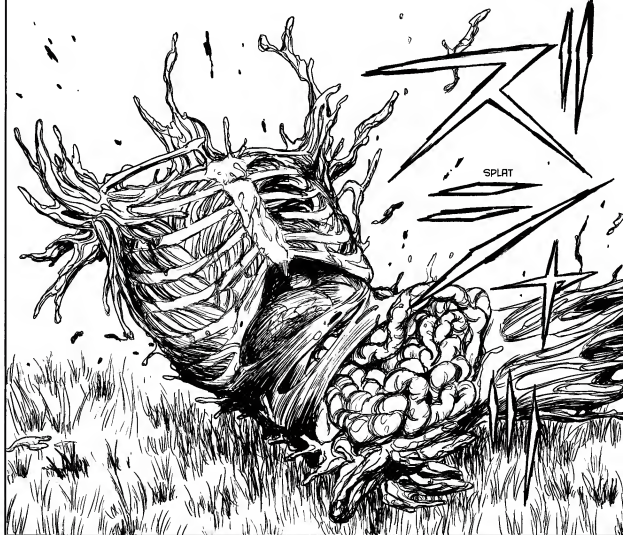
AND HE HAS
FIVE DOSES
OF THAT
EMOTION
CROWDING
TOGETHER...



BUT NOW...



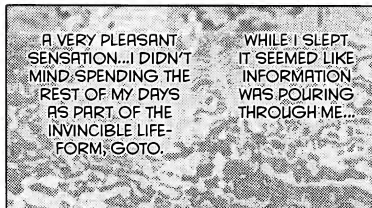
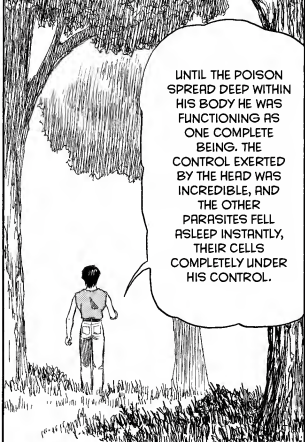
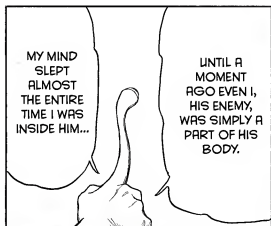


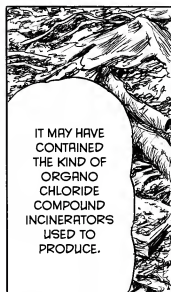


CUT THE ROPE
IN THE TUG-
OF-WAR...AND
THE BODY
EXPLODES.



MIGI...
!!







H-HOW
DARE
THEY JUST
THROW IT
AWAY HERE!



VERY.



AND
THAT'S
POISON-
OUS?



BASICALLY...
WE CAN'T
COMPETE
WITH
HUMANS.



BUT THAT'S
THE ONLY
REASON WE
WON.

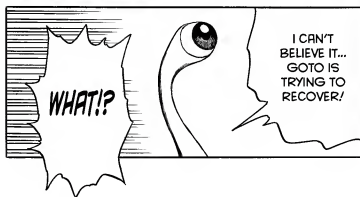
URP...



EH?

SHINICHI!
GO
BACK!

!



WHAT!?

I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT...
GOTO IS
TRYING TO
RECOVER!

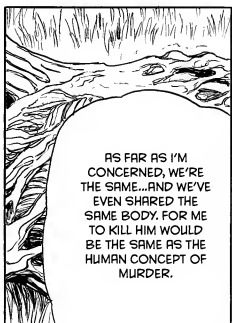




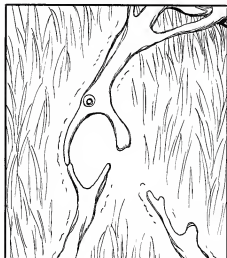
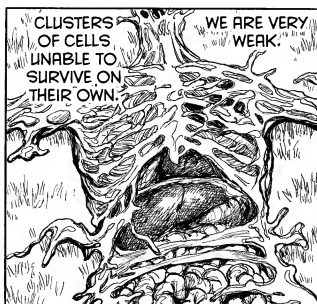
BUT HE'S
BROKEN UP
TOO SMALL,
AND THE
PIECES AREN'T
RESPONDING
WELL.



THE HEAD IS
DESPERATELY
TRYING TO
DRAW EVERY-
THING BACK
TOGETHER...





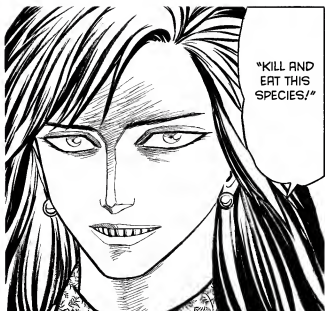


I KNOW THE
POISONS
WE MADE
ARE KILLING
OFF OTHER
SPECIES...

BECAUSE
THERE ARE
TOO MANY
HUMANS?
BECAUSE
THE HUMANS
ARE
POLLUTING
THE
EARTH?



"KILL AND
EAT THIS
SPECIES!"



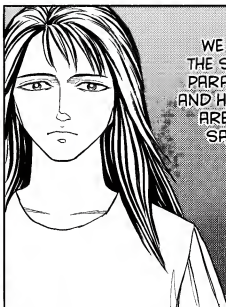
THIS IS A PERFECT
EXAMPLE: GOTO WAS
SO STRONG, AND A
LITTLE IRON ROD DID
THIS TO HIM.

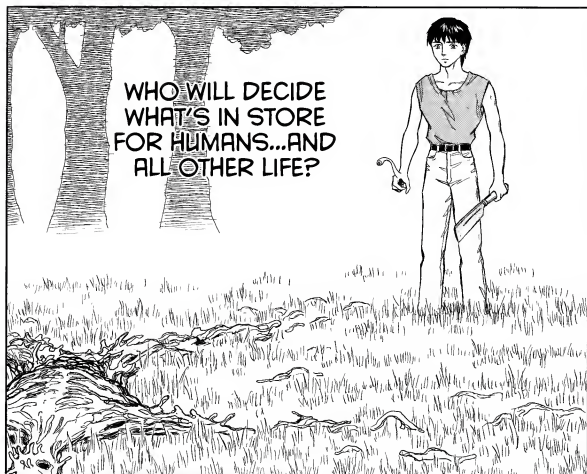


FOR THE OTHER
LIFE-FORMS,
HUMANS ARE A
POISON...AND
THE PARASITES
ARE THE CURE.



WE ARE
THE SAME...
PARASITES
AND HUMANS
ARE THE
SAME.

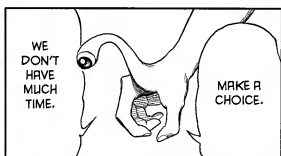




WHO WILL DECIDE
WHAT'S IN STORE
FOR HUMANS...AND
ALL OTHER LIFE?

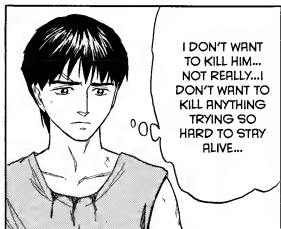


RIGHT!
I DON'T
WANT TO
KILL HIM,
AND THE
PART OF
ME THAT
THINKS
THAT...IS
THE LAST
TREASURE
LEFT TO
MANKIND.



WE
DON'T
HAVE
MUCH
TIME.

MAKE A
CHOICE.



I DON'T WANT
TO KILL HIM...
NOT REALLY...I
DON'T WANT TO
KILL ANYTHING
TRYING SO
HARD TO STAY
ALIVE...

IF HE HAS A
FIFTY-FIFTY
CHANCE OF
SURVIVING...
THEN I'D
RATHER LEAVE
IT TO FATE.

I CAN'T. AFTER
ALL THAT
FIGHTING IT
MIGHT SOUND
STRANGE...BUT
I DON'T WANT
TO KILL HIM.

WHAT?

OKAY. IF
THAT'S YOUR
CHOICE,
THEN...WE
SHOULD GO.

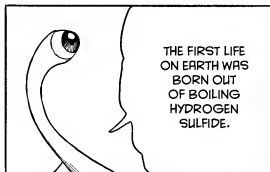
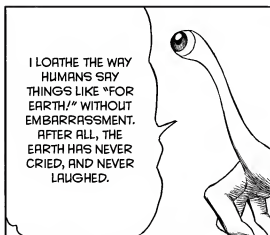
HE IS NOT
HUMAN. I CAN'T
DESTROY HIM
FOR THE SAKE
OF OUR
CONVENIENCE.

THEY MIGHT
CAUSE
PROBLEMS
FOR HUMANS,
BUT BE
GOOD FOR
THE EARTH. IN
WHICH CASE...

JUST
BECAUSE
IT'S HARMFUL
TO HUMANS
DOESN'T
MEAN A
CREATURE
HAS NO
RIGHT TO
LIVE.

BUT...

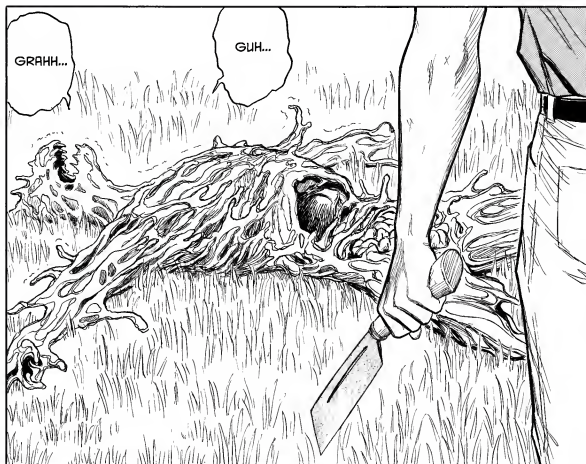
RIGHT
NOW...I'M
COMMITTING
A TERRIBLE
SIN, AS A
HUMAN
BEING.



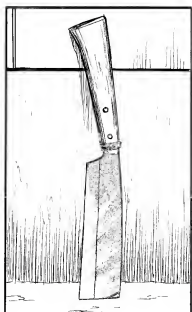
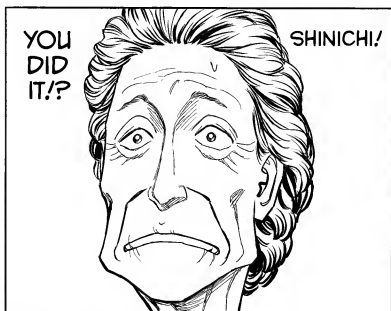
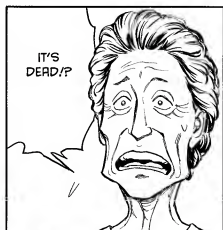
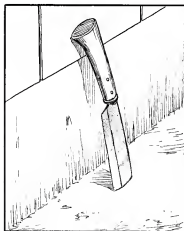
THE MOST I
CAN DO IS
PROTECT MY
OWN LITTLE
FAMILY.

I AM NOTHING
BUT A SMALL...
ORDINARY
HUMAN.





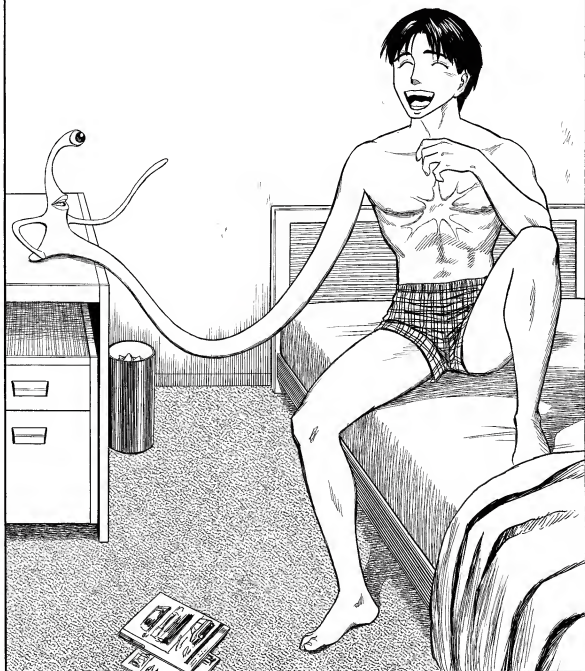


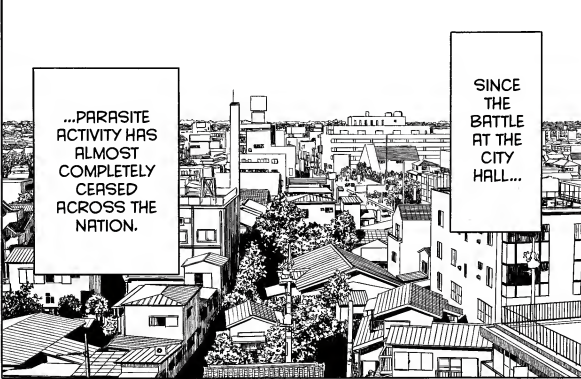




CHAPTER 62: THE END

CHAPTER 63: RETURN TO NORMAL





...PARASITE
ACTIVITY HAS
ALMOST
COMPLETELY
CEASED
ACROSS THE
NATION.

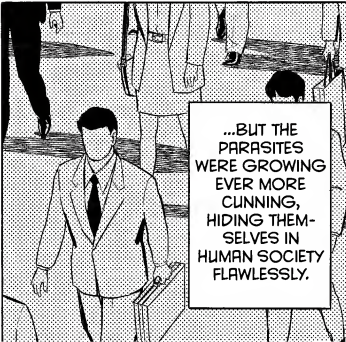
SINCE
THE
BATTLE
AT THE
CITY
HALL...



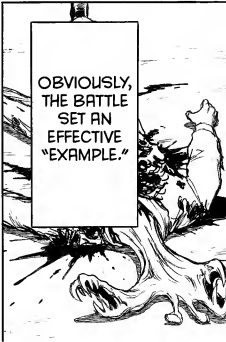
SO WHY
WERE
THEY
KEEPING
QUIET?



WHILE HUMANS
FAR OUTNUMBER
THE PARASITES,
THE NUMBER
ELIMINATED AT
THE CITY HALL
COULD HARDLY
BE SAID TO HAVE
HAD A
SIGNIFICANT
IMPACT.



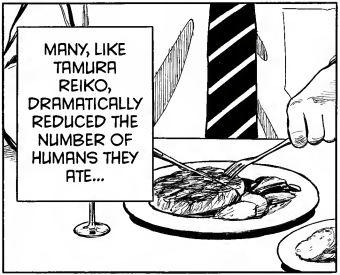
...BUT THE
PARASITES
WERE GROWING
EVER MORE
CUNNING,
HIDING THEM-
SELVES IN
HUMAN SOCIETY
FLAWLESSLY.



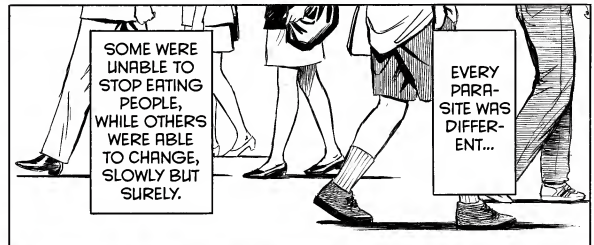
OBVIOUSLY,
THE BATTLE
SET AN
EFFECTIVE
"EXAMPLE."



SOME
OF THESE
SUB-
SISTED
ENTIRELY
ON HUMAN
FOOD.



MANY, LIKE
TAMURA
REIKO,
DRAMATICALLY
REDUCED THE
NUMBER OF
HUMANS THEY
ATE...

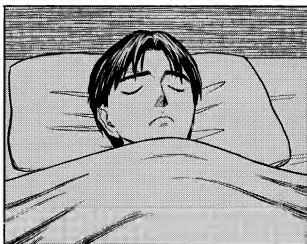
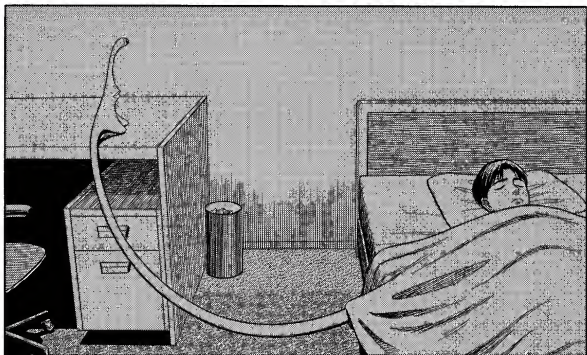
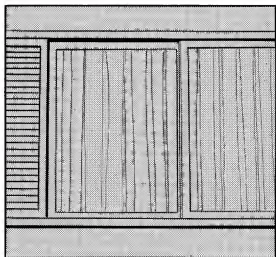


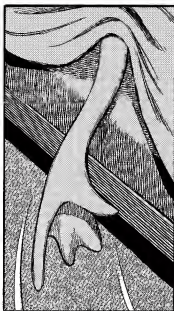
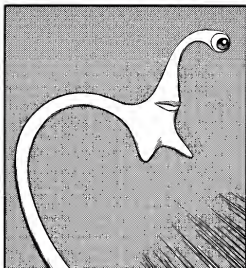
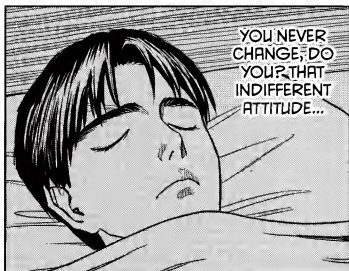
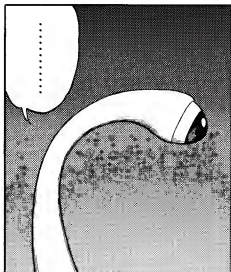
SOME WERE
UNABLE TO
STOP EATING
PEOPLE,
WHILE OTHERS
WERE ABLE
TO CHANGE,
SLOWLY BUT
SURELY.

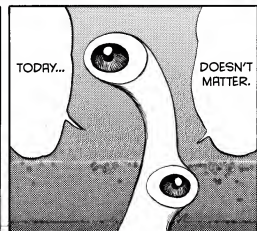
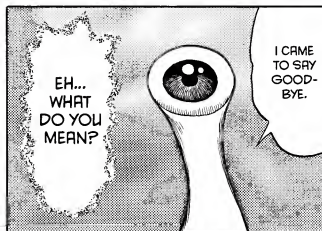
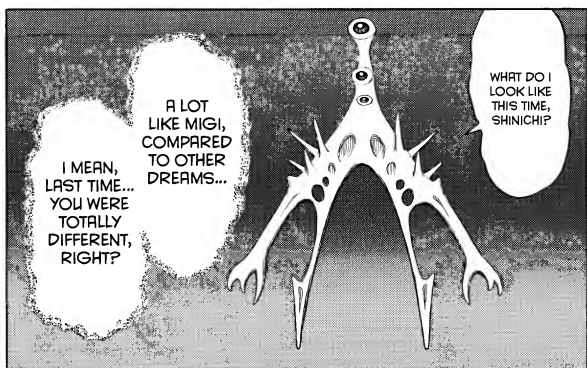
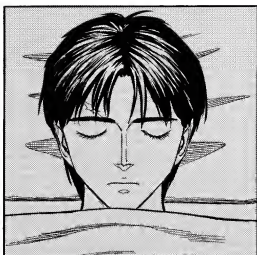
EVERY
PARA-
SITE WAS
DIFFER-
ENT...

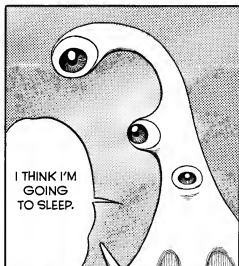


IN THIS
HOUSE, ONE
PARASITE
FOUND
ITSELF
GRADUALLY
CHANGING.

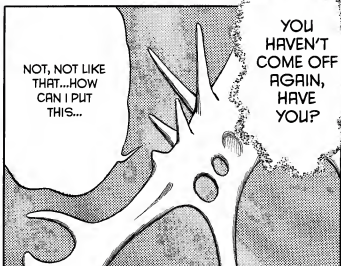






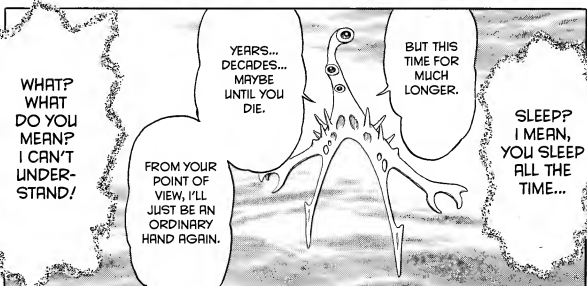


I THINK I'M
GOING
TO SLEEP.



NOT, NOT LIKE
THAT...HOW
CAN I PUT
THIS...

YOU
HAVEN'T
COME OFF
AGAIN,
HAVE
YOU?



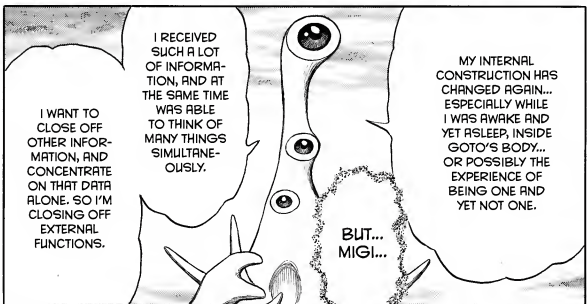
WHAT?
WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?
I CAN'T
UNDER-
STAND!

YEARS...
DECADES...
MAYBE
UNTIL YOU
DIE.

BUT THIS
TIME FOR
MUCH
LONGER.

SLEEP?
I MEAN,
YOU SLEEP
ALL THE
TIME...

FROM YOUR
POINT OF
VIEW, I'LL
JUST BE AN
ORDINARY
HAND AGAIN.



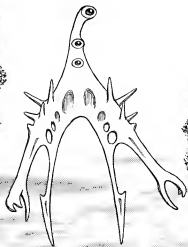
I WANT TO
CLOSE OFF
OTHER INFOR-
MATION, AND
CONCENTRATE
ON THAT DATA
ALONE. SO I'M
CLOSING OFF
EXTERNAL
FUNCTIONS.

I RECEIVED
SUCH A LOT
OF INFORMA-
TION, AND AT
THE SAME TIME
WAS ABLE
TO THINK OF
MANY THINGS
SIMULTANE-
OUSLY.

MY INTERNAL
CONSTRUCTION HAS
CHANGED AGAIN...
ESPECIALLY WHILE
I WAS AWAKE AND
YET ASLEEP, INSIDE
GOTO'S BODY...
OR POSSIBLY THE
EXPERIENCE OF
BEING ONE AND
YET NOT ONE.

BUT...
MIGI...

THERE'S
SO MANY
BOOKS
YOU
HAVEN'T
READ YET!



CONCENTRATE
ON THAT...I
CAN'T BELIEVE
THIS. YOU WERE
ALWAYS SO
CURIOUS
ABOUT EVERY-
THING...
ALWAYS
READING...

I
DON'T
GET IT.



AWAY
FROM THE
WORLD
YOU LIVE
IN.

MY PATH IS
LEADING
ME IN A
DIFFERENT
DIRECTION.

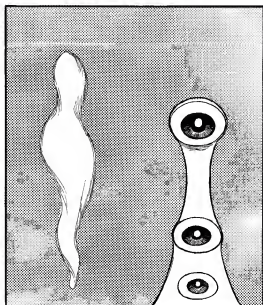
LET ME
PUT IT
THIS
WAY...



WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?/
YOU WEREN'T A
DREAM! THE TIME WE
SPENT TOGETHER...
ALL THOSE TIMES WE
SAVED EACH OTHER...
THAT WASN'T
A DREAM!!



SHINICHI, I WANT
YOU TO IMAGINE
THAT I WAS JUST
A DREAM. THAT'S
WHY I CAME TO
SAY GOOD-BYE
HERE, IN YOUR
DREAMS.



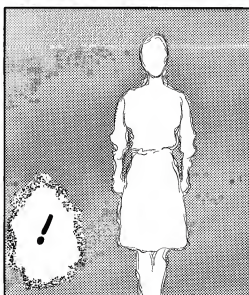
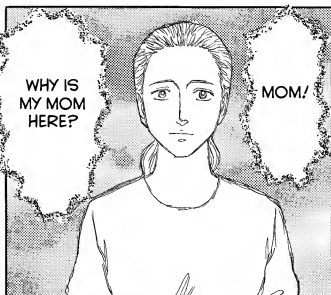
SO MANY
DEATHS.
THOSE
ARE ALL
REAL.

WE HAVE
BEEN
THROUGH
A LOT...
SO MUCH
TROUBLE
AROUND
YOU.

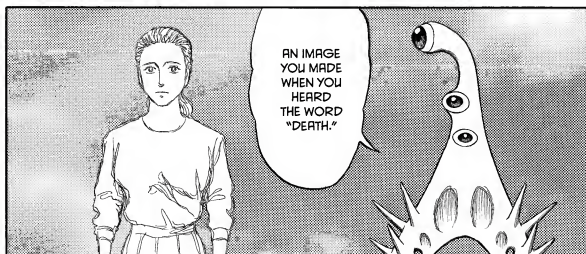


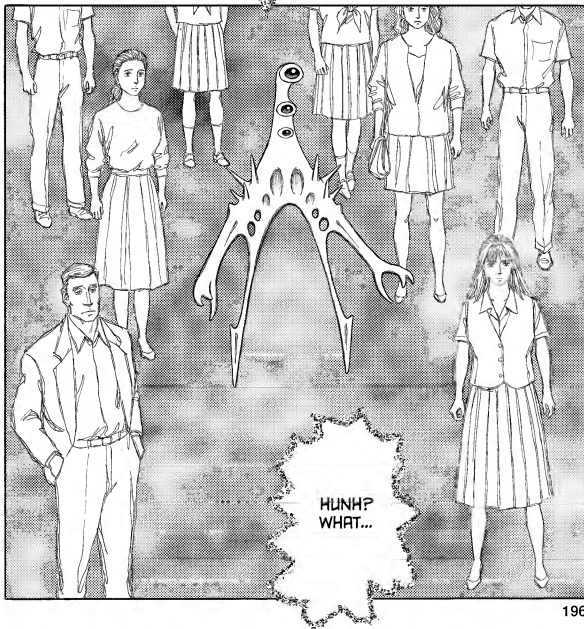
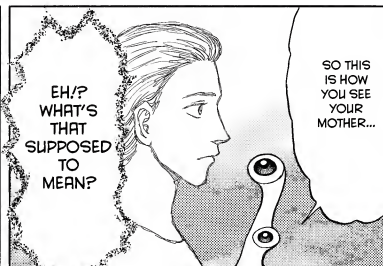
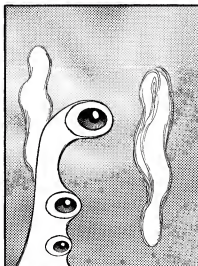
WHY IS
MY MOM
HERE?

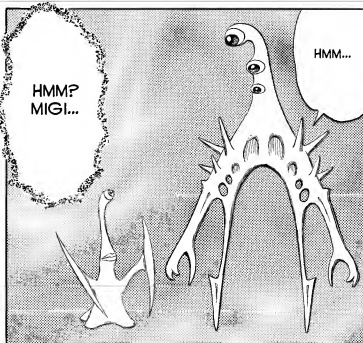
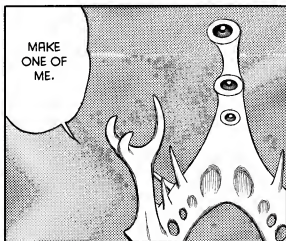
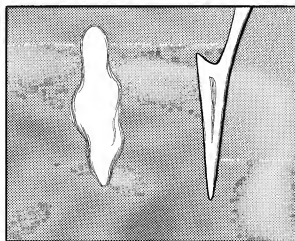
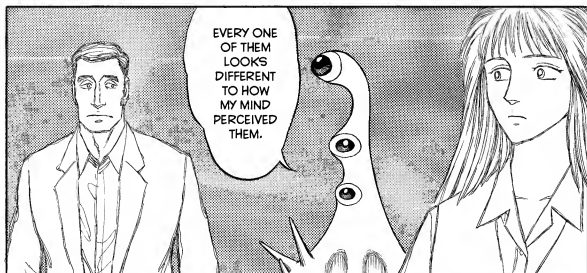
MOM!

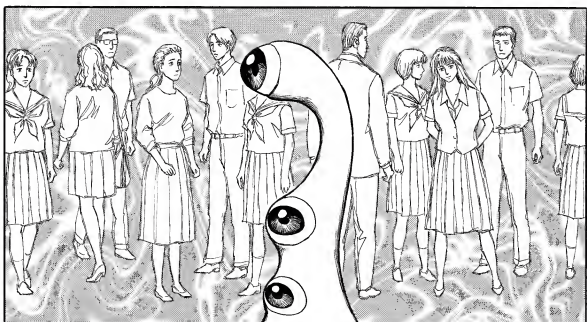
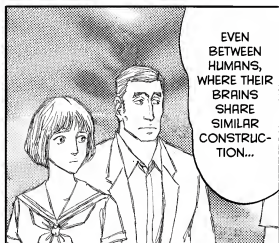
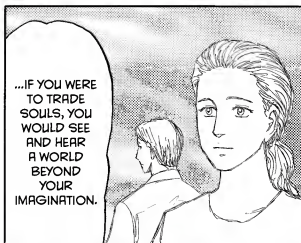
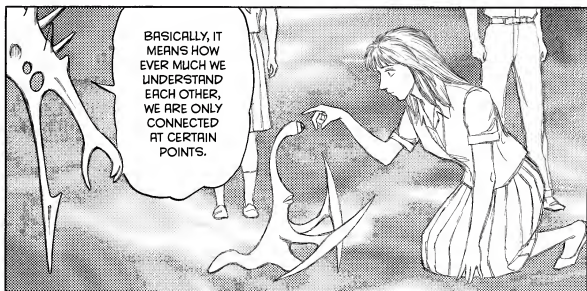


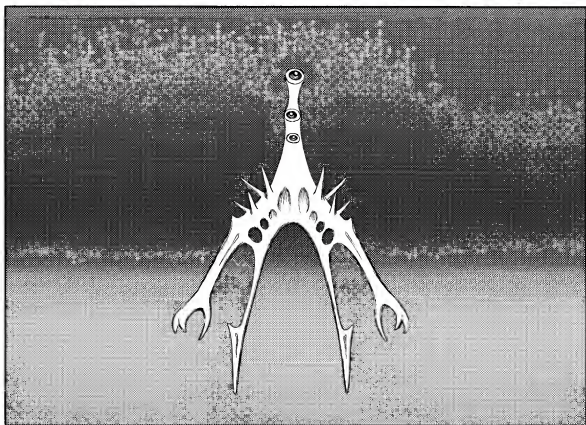
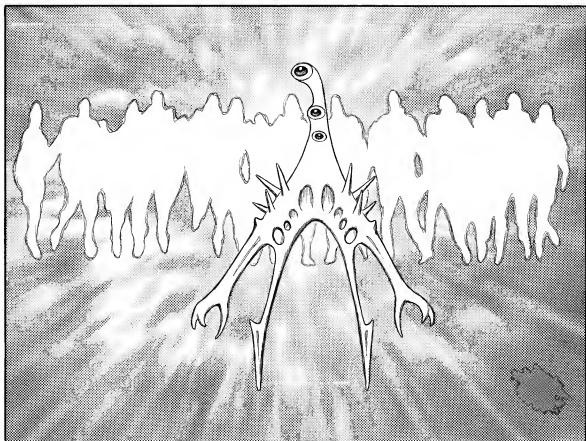
AN IMAGE
YOU MADE
WHEN YOU
HEARD
THE WORD
"DEATH."













...I'M
SURE YOU
WILL.

I HOPE
YOU'LL
FORGET
ME AS
WELL...



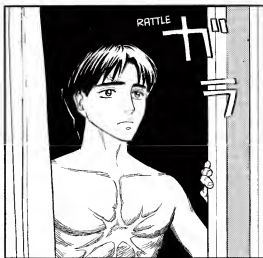
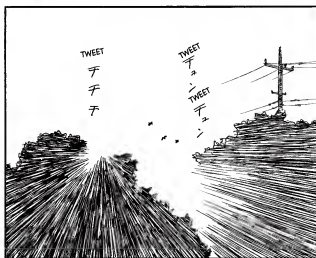
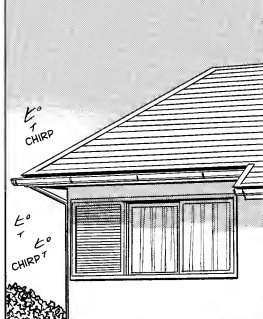
WHEN YOU
WAKE UP,
YOU'LL HAVE
FORGOTTEN
THIS DREAM,
LIKE YOU
ALWAYS DO.

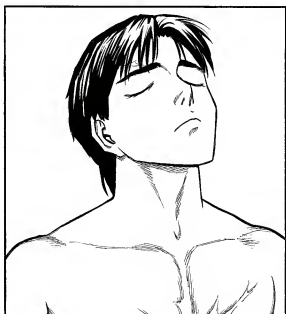
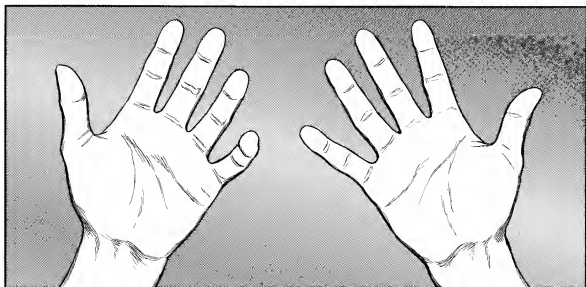
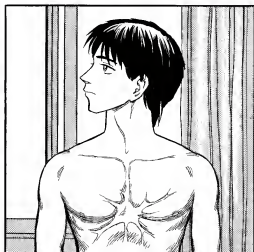
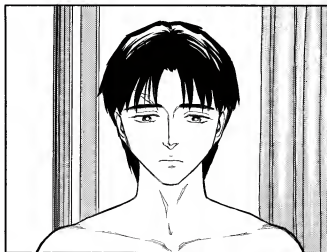
...SEE? WHEN
YOU WAKE
UP, ALL YOU
WILL SEE IS
YOUR RIGHT
HAND...JUST
AS IT ALWAYS
WAS.



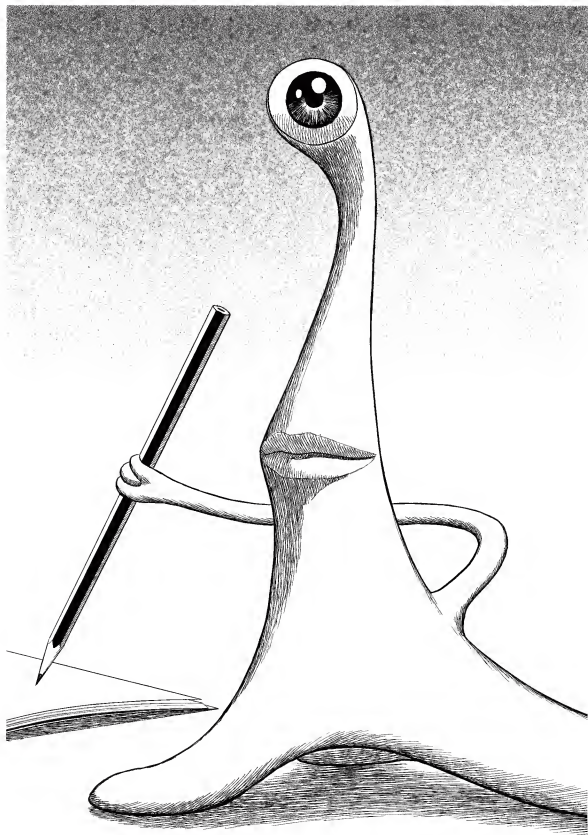
MIGI...

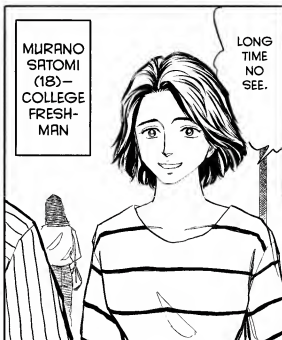
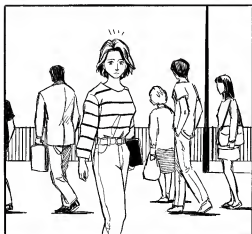
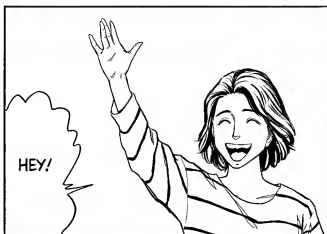
THANK YOU FOR
EVERYTHING...
SHINICHI.





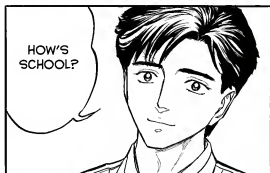




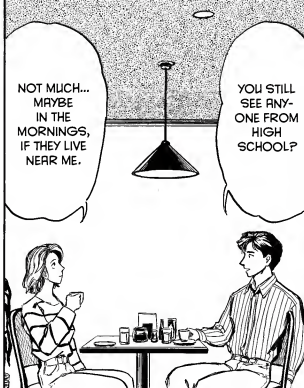




SAME
HERE.

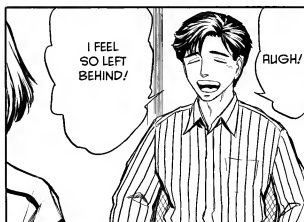


HOW'S
SCHOOL?



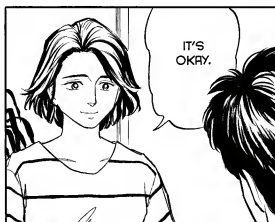
NOT MUCH...
MAYBE
IN THE
MORNINGS,
IF THEY LIVE
NEAR ME.

YOU STILL
SEE ANY-
ONE FROM
HIGH
SCHOOL?



I FEEL
SO LEFT
BEHIND!

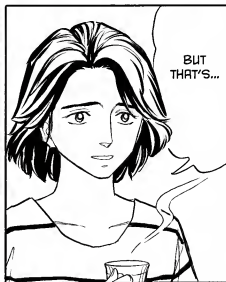
AUGH!



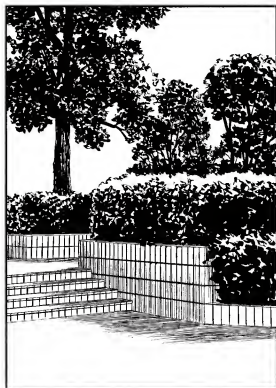
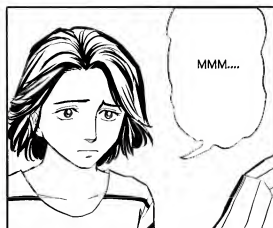
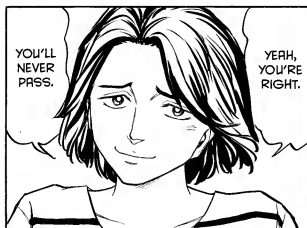
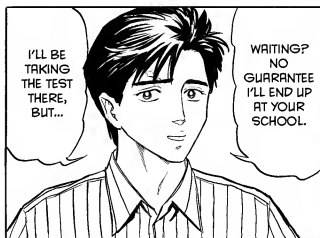
IT'S
OKAY.



MM?



BUT
THAT'S...





BUT
COMPARED
WITH EVERY-
THING I WENT
THROUGH
OVER THE
LAST FEW
YEARS
THEY'RE A
WALK IN THE
PARK.

THEY
SAY
EXAMS
ARE A
BATTLE-
FIELD...



WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THEM?



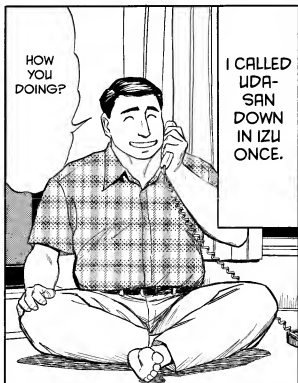
NOTHING
HAPPENS
ANYMORE.
NOT EVEN
A SIGN
OF ANY
PARASITE
ACTIVITY.



FINE. YOU
SOUND
HAPPY.

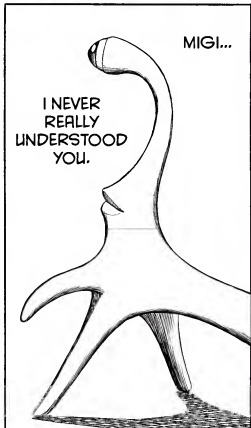


HOW'S
JAW
DOING?



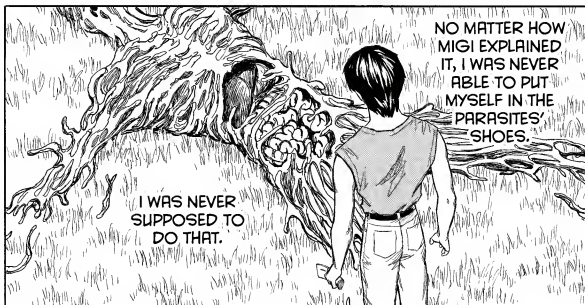
HOW
YOU
DOING?

I CALLED
UDA-
SAN
DOWN
IN IZU
ONCE.



THEY WERE
ONLY FOR
HUMANS...
OR FOR ME,
PERSONALLY.

THE FIGHTS
MIGI AND
I FOUGHT
TOGETHER...
THOSE WERE
NEVER FOR
THE SAKE OF
THE EARTH.



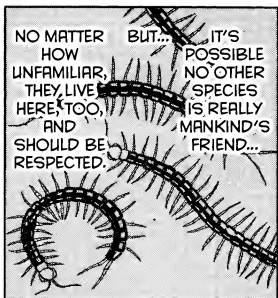
NO MATTER HOW
MIGI EXPLAINED
IT, I WAS NEVER
ABLE TO PUT
MYSELF IN THE
PARASITES'
SHOES.

I WAS NEVER
SUPPOSED TO
DO THAT.

BUT THEY NEVER
UNDERSTAND
EACH OTHER. NO...
THEY SHOULD
NEVER APPLY
THE STANDARDS
OF THEIR OWN
SPECIES AND
IMAGINE THAT
THEY HAVE COME
TO UNDERSTAND
THEM.

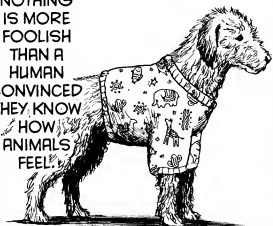
DIFFERENT
SPECIES
SOMETIMES
USE EACH
OTHER,
SOMETIMES
KILL EACH
OTHER...





NO MATTER BUT... IT'S
HOW POSSIBLE
UNFAMILIAR, NO OTHER
THEY LIVE SPECIES
HERE, TOO, IS REALLY
AND MANKIND'S
SHOULD BE FRIEND...
RESPECTED.

NOTHING
IS MORE
FOOLISH
THAN A
HUMAN
CONVINCED
THEY KNOW
HOW
ANIMALS
FEEL.



THERE'S NO
POINT IN
USING THE
STANDARDS
OF
HUMANITY
TO LOOK
DOWN ON
OURSELVES.

BUT THAT'S
OKAY.
THAT'S ALL
THERE IS.

THE
HUMAN
HEART
WORKS
ONLY FOR
ITS OWN
SELF-
SATISFAC-
TION.

WE PRO-
TECT THE
ENVIRON-
MENT
BECAUSE
WE DON'T
WANT TO
DESTROY
OUR-
SELVES.

HUMANS
PROTECT
OTHER
SPECIES
BECAUSE
WE ARE
LONELY.



WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THE
EXAMP?

MM? WHAT?
SUDDENLY
WE'RE
TALKING
PHILOSOPHY?



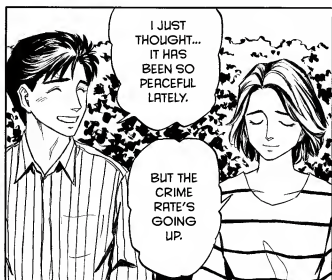
IT MAKES
NO SENSE
TO LOVE THE
EARTH IF YOU
CAN LOVE
MANKIND.

I GUESS
WHAT I
MEAN
IS...



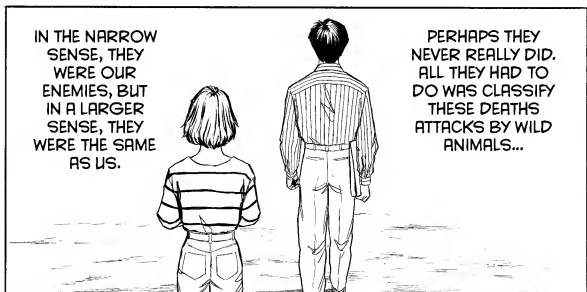
THAT'S
WHY
THE
PARA-
SITES
DON'T
STAND
OUT.

EXACTLY.



I JUST
THOUGHT...
IT HAS
BEEN SO
PEACEFUL
LATELY.

BUT THE
CRIME
RATE'S
GOING
UP.



IN THE NARROW
SENSE, THEY
WERE OUR
ENEMIES, BUT
IN A LARGER
SENSE, THEY
WERE THE SAME
AS US.

PERHAPS THEY
NEVER REALLY DID.
ALL THEY HAD TO
DO WAS CLASSIFY
THESE DEATHS
ATTACKS BY WILD
ANIMALS...



AND
WE ALL
LIVE HERE
TOGETHER.

WE
WERE
ALL
BORN
HERE
ON
EARTH...





BUT THESE
DAYS, YOU
ALMOST
NEVER
SEE THEM
AROUND.



I HAVE THIS
POWER THAT
LETS ME
PICK OUT
MONSTERS
FROM THE
MIDDLE OF
A CROWD.



OR SO I
THOUGHT...

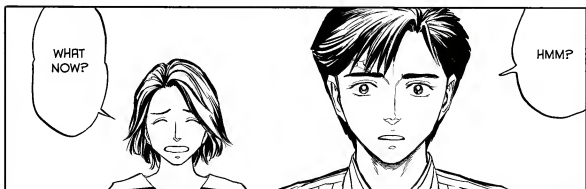
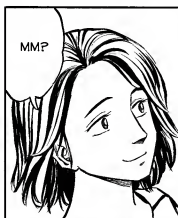


I WAS JUST
THINKING I
WANTED TO
MEET HIM
AGAIN.



BUT THAT
BOY...NOT
A PARASITE,
BUT YOU
COULDN'T
REALLY CALL
HIM HUMAN,
EITHER.

FINAL CHAPTER: YOU

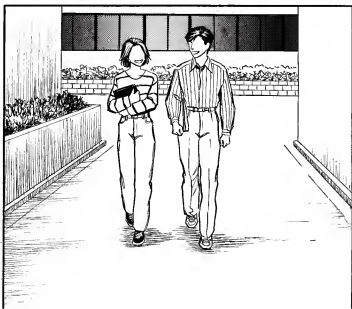


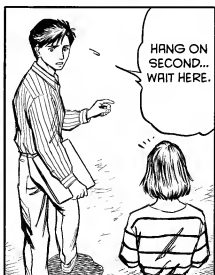


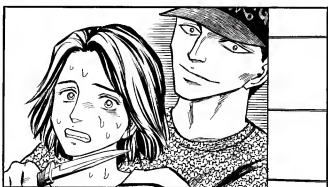
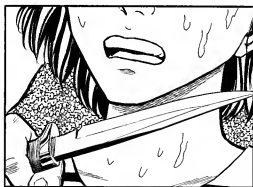
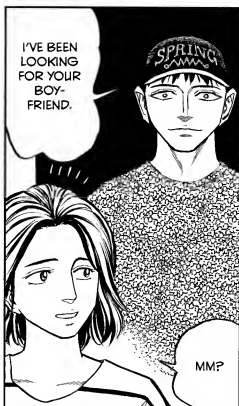
BUT HE
WOULDN'T
BE
WALKING
AROUND
IN PUBLIC,
WOULD
HE? NO
WAY...

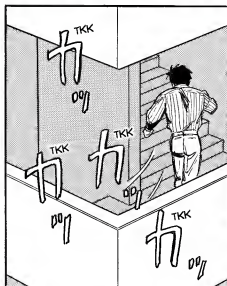
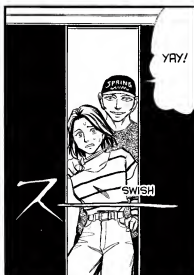
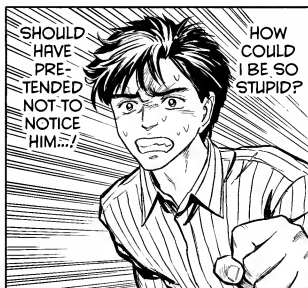
LOOKED JUST
LIKE THAT
GUY A YEAR
AGO...AFTER-
WARD THEY
TOLD ME HE
WAS A SERIAL
KILLER, MUCH
WORSE THAN
I COULD HAVE
IMAGINED.

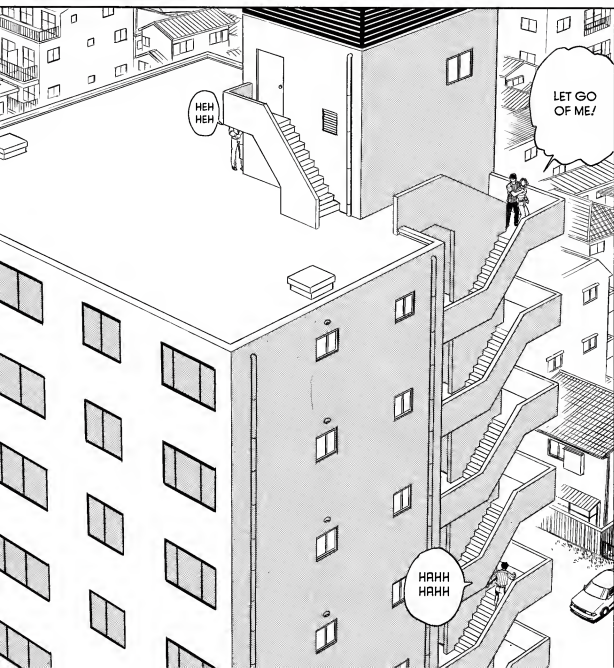
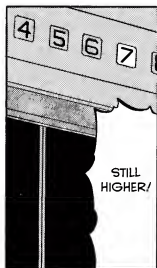
JUST MY IMAGI-
NATION?

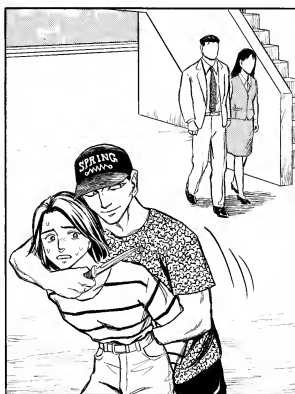
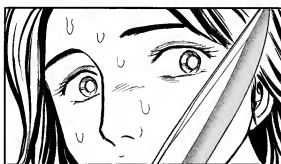
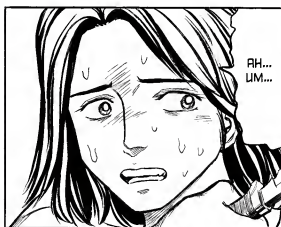
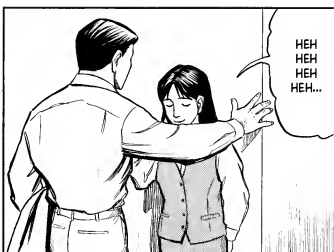




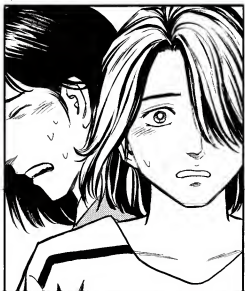


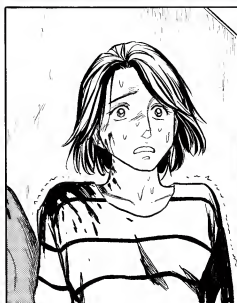
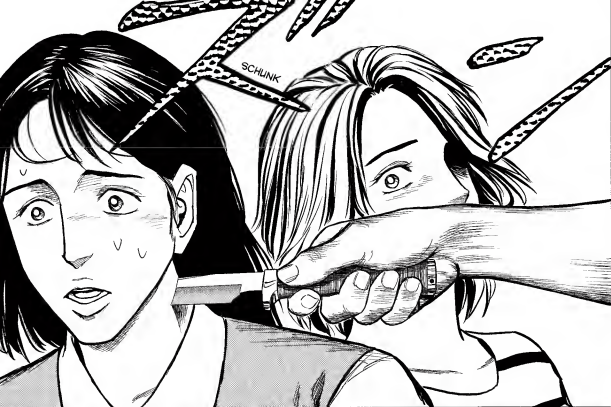




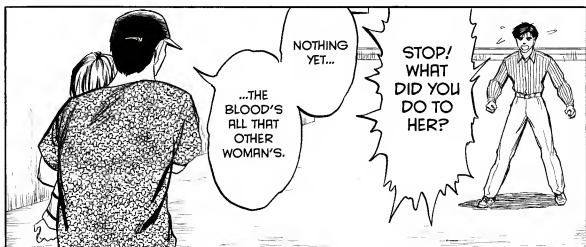
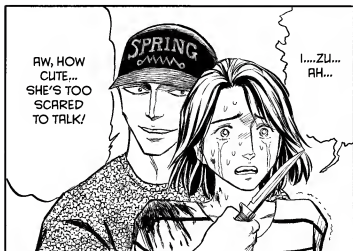


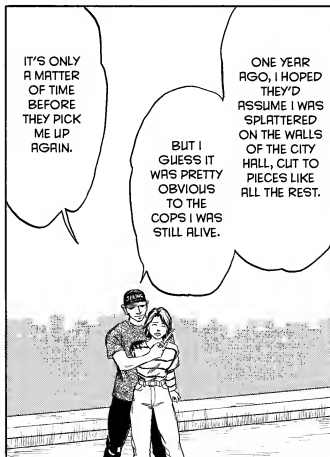


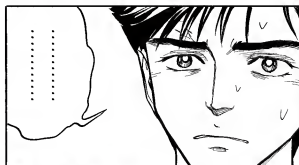






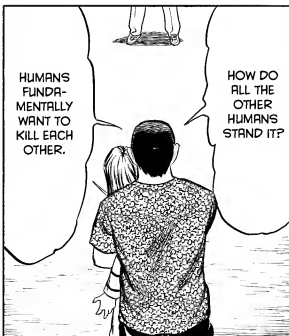








WHY DO
PEOPLE GET
SO UPSET?
WE'RE ALL
THIRSTY FOR
BLOOD.



HUMANS
FUNDAMENTALLY
WANT TO
KILL EACH
OTHER.

HOW DO
ALL THE
OTHER
HUMANS
STAND IT?



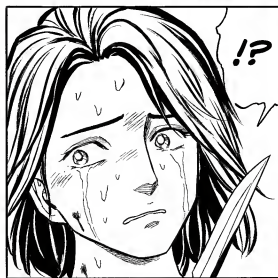
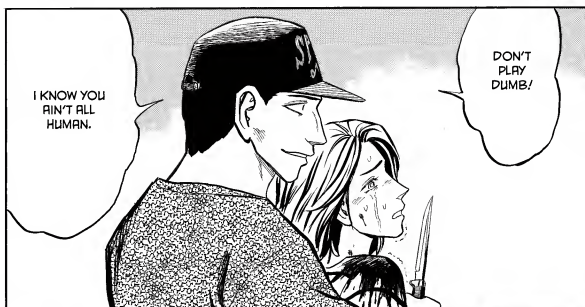
I KNOW
JUST HOW
UNNATURAL
THE WORLD
IS.

THEY ALL YELL
AT ME, WITHOUT
EVEN UNDER-
STANDING
THEMSELVES...
BUT I CAN TELL
HUMANS AND
PARASITES
APART JUST BY
LOOKING AT
THEM.

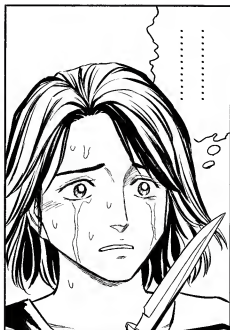


THEN WE SUDDENLY
TRY TO STOP, AND
THE POPULATION
GOES SLAMMING
UP TO FIVE OR SIX
BILLION...ABOUT
TO DESTROY THE
WORLD!

WE DON'T NEED
MONSTERS! WE
HUMANS CAN ALREADY
FEED OFF EACH OTHER!
WE'VE BEEN DOING IT
FOR THOUSANDS
OF YEARS!



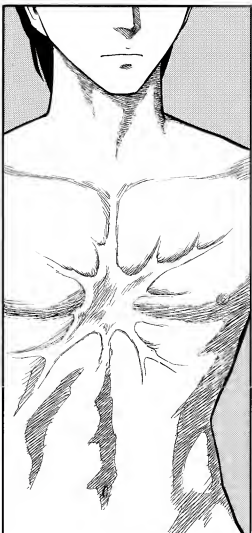


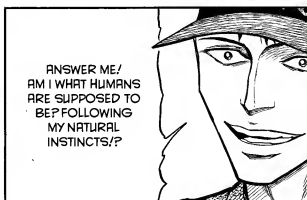
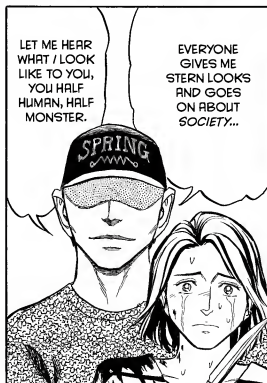
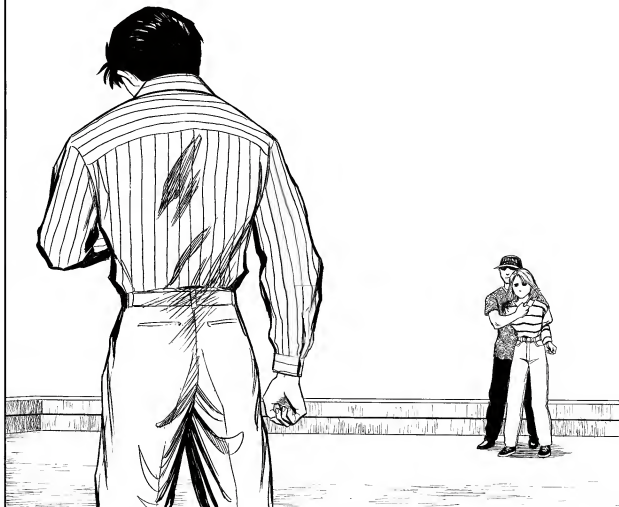


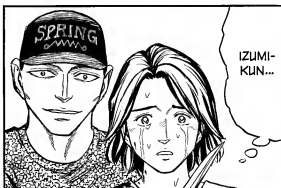
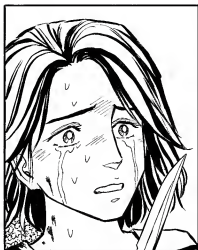
I BET HE'S
GOT THE
SCARS TO
SHOW IT...A
HOLE WHERE
THE MONSTER
CLIMBED
INSIDE.

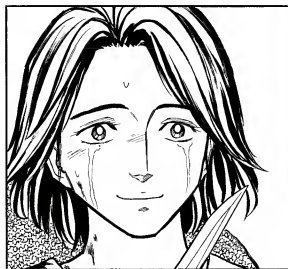


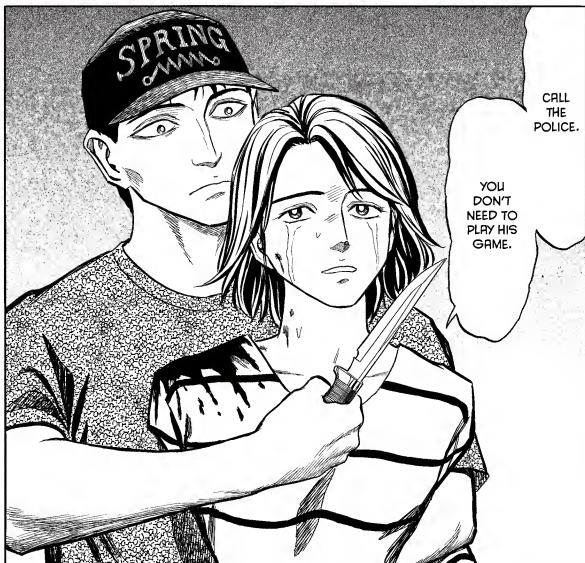
YOU'RE HIS
GIRL-
FRIEND,
RIGHT?
YOU
SEEN
HIS
BODY?











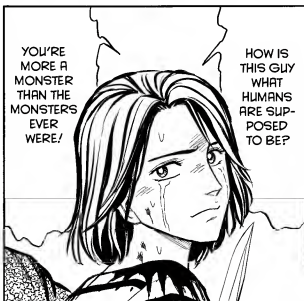
CALL
THE
POLICE.

YOU
DON'T
NEED TO
PLAY HIS
GAME.



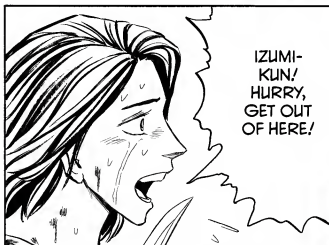
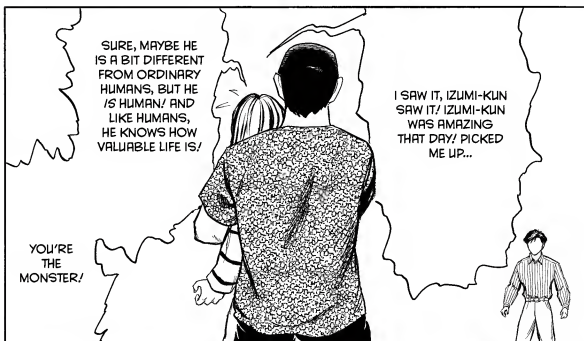
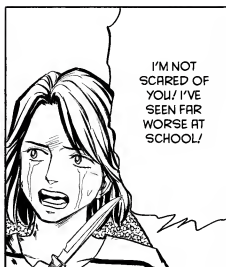
WHERE'D
YOUR
SHAKES
GO?

HEH...
AND YOU
WERE SO
SCARED A
MOMENT
AGO.

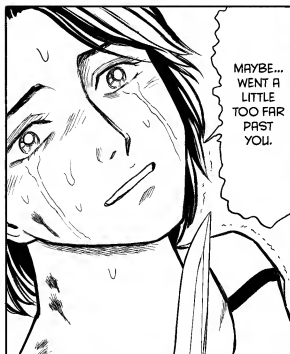


YOU'RE
MORE A
MONSTER
THAN THE
MONSTERS
EVER
WERE!

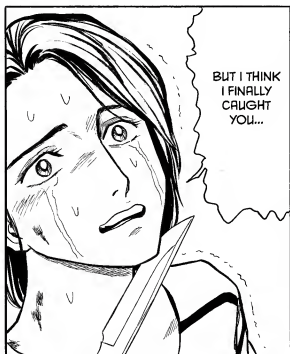
HOW IS
THIS GUY
WHAT
HUMANS
ARE SUP-
POSED TO
BE?







MAYBE...
WENT A
LITTLE
TOO FAR
PAST
YOU.



BUT I THINK
I FINALLY
CAUGHT
YOU...



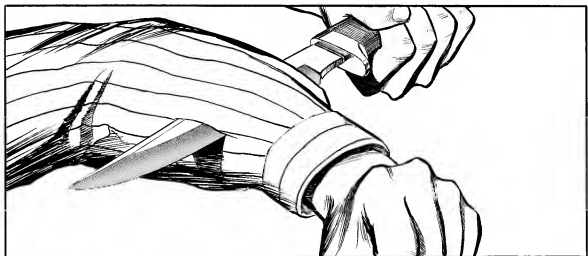
NOOO!!

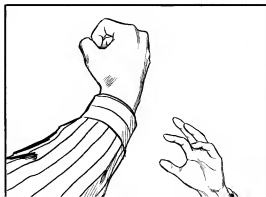




I CAN SAVE HER! I
CAN GET THERE IN
TIME! I'M VERY FAST!
FASTER THAN ANY
HUMAN!

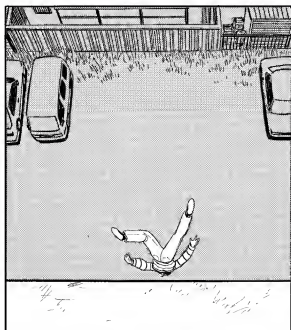
HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S STANDING
STILL! I CAN TWIST THAT KNIFE
AROUND AND BREAK HIS JAW, AND
GRAB HER WITH MY OTHER HAND
AT THE SAME TIME! IT'LL ONLY
TAKE A SECOND!!

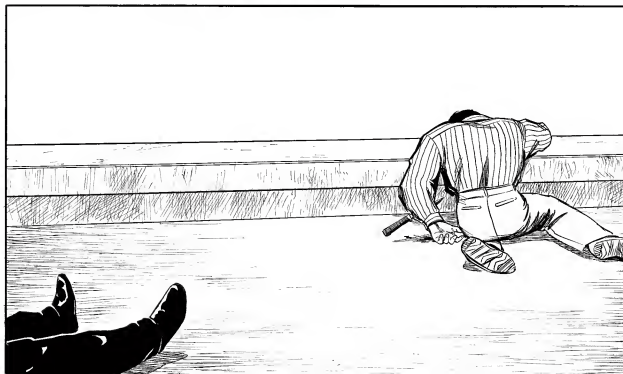




EH...



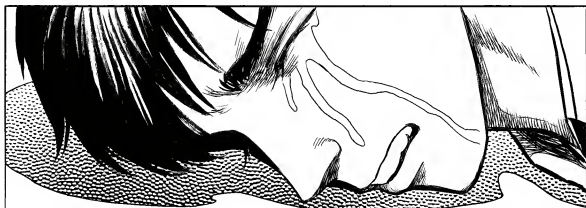




WHY DOES
THIS
ALWAYS
HAPPEN?

TOO
MUCH...THIS
IS TOO
MUCH...

SNIFF...
AHHHH....



ONE DAY,
ON THE
ROAD...

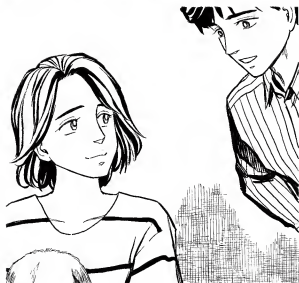


...AND
IT WAS
DEAD.

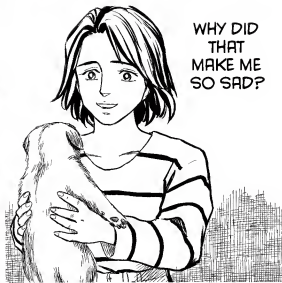


I BARELY
GOT TO
KNOW
IT...

I SAW AN
ANIMAL.



WHY DID
THAT
MAKE ME
SO SAD?



THAT'S
JUST
HOW
BORED
HUMANS
ARE.



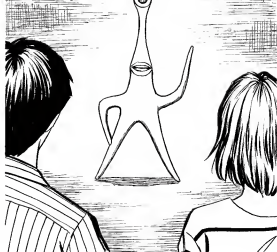
...ARE
ABSOLUTELY
WONDERFUL.

CREATURES THAT
HAVE TIME TO
GET BORED...



...MAN-
KIND'S
GREATEST
STRENGTH.

BUT
THAT IS
ALSO...

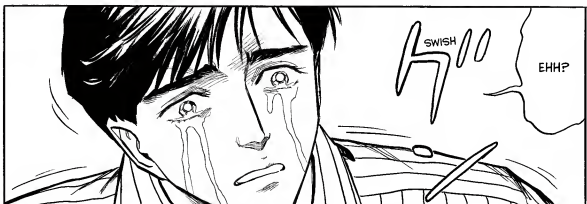


I'M TIRED,
SO YOU
NEED TO
HOLD HER.

...STOP
YOUR
SNIVELING.

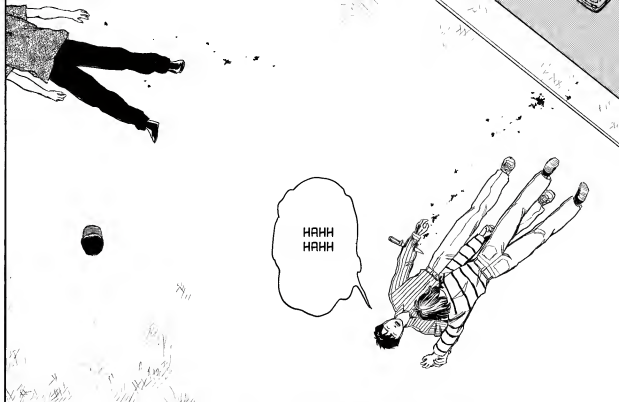


SO...









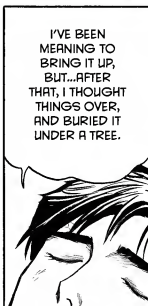
THANK
YOU, MIGI.



THE
SKY'S SO
BEAUTIFUL...



I KNOW.

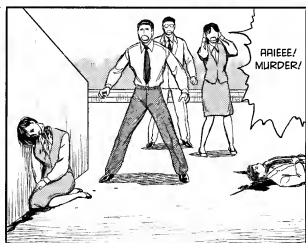
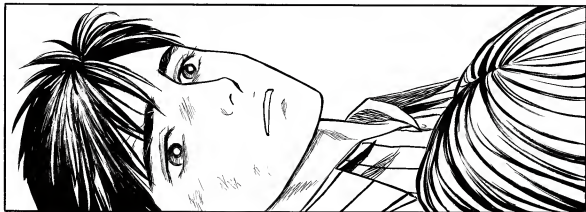
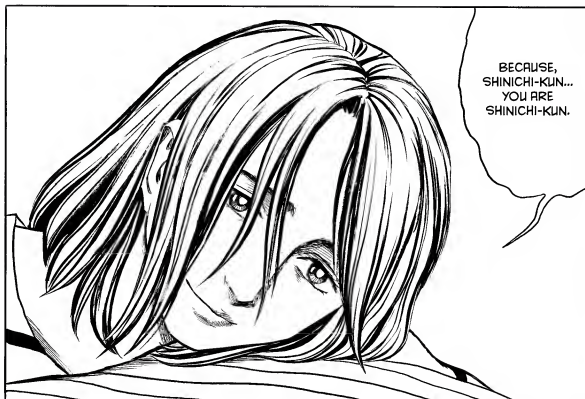


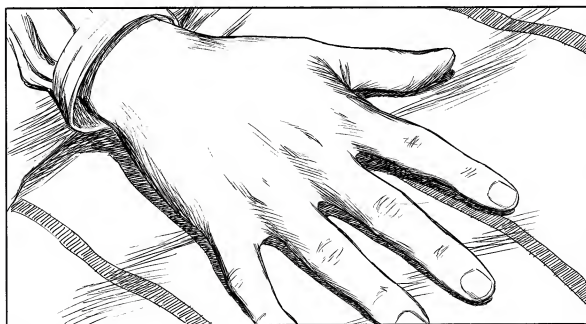
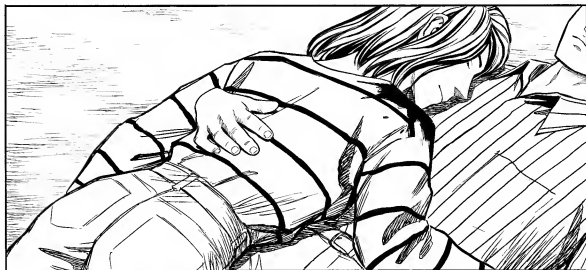
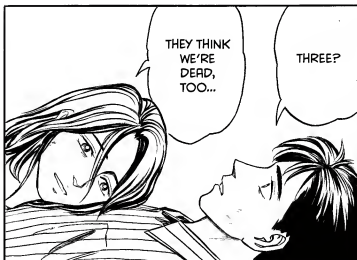
I'VE BEEN
MEANING TO
BRING IT UP,
BUT...AFTER
THAT, I THOUGHT
THINGS OVER,
AND BURIED IT
UNDER A TREE.



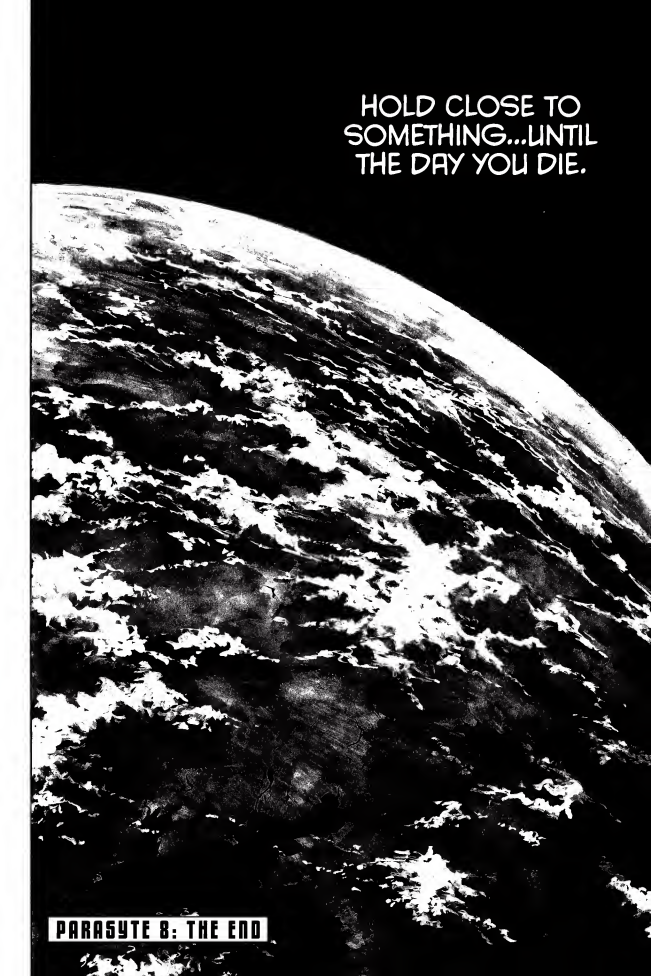
THE ONE I
TOSSED
IN THE
GARBAGE
CAN...

DO YOU
REMEMBER...
THE DEAD
PUPPY WE
FOUND?





HOLD CLOSE TO
SOMETHING...UNTIL
THE DAY YOU DIE.



PARASYTE 8: THE END



From the Monthly Afternoon Readers' page...

PARASYTE 8

vol. 16



"Do you agree with Hirokawa's words in Chapter 55, that men are the true parasites? Does the word 'parasyte' refer not to the parasites but to humans?"

(Aichi Prefecture, Hidari, 17, Student)

"That was Hirokawa's opinion, not my own. But 'parasyte' might well refer to humans. After all, all living things are living parasitically on the earth."

(Hitoshi Iwaaki)

(From Afternoon, March 1995)

"Question for you: If Shinichi had a child with Murano Satoshi, would that child inherit some of Migi's cells? That would be very interesting."

(Toyama Prefecture, New Parasyte, 16, Student)

"Like The Fly 2! But Migi's cells aren't small enough to hitch a ride on a tadpole..."

(Hitoshi Iwaaki)

(From Afternoon, March 1995)



THE READERS ASK, THE AUTHOR ANSWERS



From the Monthly Afternoon Readers' page...

PARASYTE 3

vol. 17

"Tamura Reiko, who spent her time searching for a reason for her existence. Goto, much too strong, and eventually burned himself out in the heat of battle. Hirokawa, who, though human, stood with the parasites, pointing out the extravagance of mankind. Uragami, the personification of all mankind's most negative traits.

"But in the end, the strongest, most positive force was Satomi. The conclusions Shinichi reached after speaking with many parasites, and facing life and death over and over again...was where Satomi started out. No matter how foolish they are, no matter how hopeless their future may be, mankind is not yet lost. Everyone knows that, really—we've just forgotten. Is this because of our materialistic civilization? But if you strip humanity of all its decorations and leave it naked... Shinichi knows how wonderful that is. And Migi does, too...just as Tamura Reiko developed new emotions by caring for her child, Migi developed by watching Shinichi and Satomi. This story, obviously, describes Shinichi's growth, but it also shows Migi's. I think the last scene was one conclusive step along that journey. I've never seen another book that made me think this deeply about human life. Iwaaki-san...Thank you."

(Gunma Prefecture, ????)

"Satomi tended to be more passive, so she was never as popular as the aggressive, outgoing Kana. But I hope she caught up at the end. The childish moments Kana showed between her tough facade, and the daring Satomi showed in the spotlight—I love drawing character's surprising, uncharacteristic actions. I always feel as if I've grown to understand them better."

(Hitoshi Iwaaki)

(From Afternoon, March 1995)

THE READERS ASK, THE AUTHOR ANSWERS



From the Monthly Afternoon Readers' page...

PARASYTE 3

vol. 18



"Migi's final theory about humans was hilarious. A creature that isn't human deciding humanity's greatest quality is their ability to be bored, and explaining the brilliance of that to humans. I knew then that he truly understood us, and, as a human, was very pleased."

(Osaka Prefecture, Kaiuchi Yuuki, 17, Student)

"In Japanese class we always had to write ridiculous essays on what the writer most wanted to say, but if you had to write one on Parasyte, it would definitely be that final speech of Migi's. If I were grading your letter, you would get a very high score."

(Hitoshi Iwaaki)

(From Afternoon, March 1995)

"I'm very sorry to see *Parasyte* end. It was the face of *Afternoon*! I would have liked to see Migi again at the end. That may be my one real complaint."

(Ibaragi Prefecture, TK, 33, Specialist)

"At the end, I did draw a close-up of his right hand on Satomi's back. I toyed with the idea of drawing an eyeball on it, but I like it the way it is. But I thank you in Migi's stead."

(Hitoshi Iwaaki)

(From Afternoon, March 1995)

"I never imagined Uragami would show up again. The final chapter really wrapped up all the loose ends! And I loved that the chapter title was 'You.' Thank you for such a wonderful series."

(Kanagawa Prefecture, Nemuro Miyako, 21)

"I was a little embarrassed to use the title 'You.' But it seemed to fit better than anything else, so..."

(Hitoshi Iwaaki)

(From Afternoon, March 1995)



THE READERS ASK, THE AUTHOR ANSWERS



From the Reader's Page

PARASYTE 3

I'd like to thank you for all the letters I've received. *Parasyte* has ended in the best manner I was capable of coming up with. By best, I mean with out any pressure or arguments about the publisher's schedule, with out any financial greed on my part—simply where the story itself dictated an ending. I was able to find my way to a natural conclusion without anything or anyone getting in my way. This was only possible with the generous support of the *Afternoon* editors, and the constant support I received from many, many readers. I can't thank you enough.

I have received a number of letters wishing I would continue the series. Naturally, I am grateful for these as well. But different manga artists approach their work in different manners. Some keep their characters active as long as the work remains popular, while others have a definite story in mind that leads to a conclusive ending. I am the latter type, which seems to be the minority in Japanese manga at the moment. *Parasyte* may have been a monthly serial, but it was one long, long story. It would never do to force it to continue and end up distorting the completeness of the work as a whole. As far as I'm concerned, the story is done. Any further events in these characters' lives I leave to the readers' imaginations. Shinichi and Migi are both still very much alive...(But please don't turn pro and actually continue their adventures. We do have copyright laws!)

I really enjoyed working on the series. For a while, I shall be saying good-bye to *Afternoon*, but I hope to return someday. May you all be in good health."

(Hitoshi Iwaaki)

(From *Afternoon*, March 1995)

THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS HIS FEELINGS ON COMPLETING THE SERIES.



Monthly Afternoon from Afternoon KC Parasyte Volume 10

PARASYTE 8



Several days had passed since I finished drawing the last issue of *Parasyte*.

A couple of my friends came over, and we started to drink. We started very late, around four in the morning, and for some reason (I was extremely drunk) I started playing with a knife. This was the same knife the killer Uragami used in the final chapter. I had purchased it to help me draw the knife consistently and accurately. The blade was about thirteen centimeters long, and with the handle included, the knife was about twenty-five centimeters—not especially large. But the blade was about five millimeters thick, and it had the weight of a small hatchet.

“Is it really that sharp?” Certainly, from the thickness of the blade it seemed unlikely to cut as well as a utility knife or razor blade. I tried cutting a plastic shopping bag that was lying next to me. The blade slid through without making a sound. “Ah, neat!” I thought, excitedly shredding the bag. But knives are much too dangerous to use when drunk. A moment later, I felt a pain on the thumb of my left hand, which was holding the bag. (I was too drunk for the pain to be all that strong.) When I looked, the tip of my thumb was missing, cut off diagonally. I quickly grabbed a paper towel and pressed it into my palm.

Neither of my friends had noticed yet, so I slipped away and called an ambulance. But then I suddenly needed to pee, so I headed for the bathroom. When I tried to undo my fly, I accidentally unclenched my injured hand. The bowl instantly turned red, and my friends noticed the blood in the other room.

One of them found the bit of severed flesh, which he described as being about the size of a lemon seed, but it had a bit of nail on it. My nails had been enough to stop utility knives and razors in the past, but they didn’t stand a chance against the Uragami knife. Ah ha, I thought. So that’s how well a thicker knife cuts. I wasn’t sure if I’d managed to cut through any bone, but it seemed obvious the shape of my thumb would never be the same. Something to remember the end of *Parasyte* by.

But now, two months later, the nail has grown out (unsurprisingly), but the flesh bulked up just as well, and the blank skin has developed fingerprint lines. It looks almost like it did before. Even though I didn’t ask for that.

Just like Migi! I thought, marveling at the mysteries of life. The notion of man vs. nature seemed even more absurd. Humans’ own bodies are already controlled by a nature! Not to preach a new religion, but we are all living because nature allows us to live.

As the above story shows, I have a tendency to link almost anything to the themes of *Parasyte*, and I expect I will continue to do so for quite a while.

But it’s finished now.

Every day just flew right by, and those five and a half years I spent on the book seem absolutely packed.

(con’t on next page)



AFTER THE BOOK'S COMPLETION THE AUTHOR REFLECTS BACK ON HIS OWN WORK.



Monthly Afternoon from Afternoon KC Parasyte Volume 10

PARASYTE 8

I first got the basic idea for *Parasyte* quite a long time ago, several years before I actually made my professional debut. I worked on it while I was submitting different stories to publishers. If I recall correctly, it was a romantic comedy at the time. But the main character's hand would move on its own, causing all kinds of problems, which seemed like a neat idea to me...but thinking about it, not a particularly original idea. I put it in a drawer, and it stayed there for seven years.

I worked for a while as an assistant, and then made my debut and serialized a book called *Fuuko no Iru Mise* every other week in the weekly magazine *Morning*. This book was a human drama about a girl with a stammer working as a waitress in a coffee shop—about as different from *Parasyte* as possible.

Not only the contents of the story, but the way I wrote the manga was completely different. How? With *Fuuko*, I first had the characters, and then from those characters I came up with events. But with *Parasyte*, I started with events, and then created characters to deal with them. With the former, it was very painful to come up with events that matched the characters, and ended up being a very amateurish book, but starting with events proved extremely fun, and my hands flew across the pages. Apparently, I was this kind of manga artist. I did not even realize it until the ideas behind *Parasyte* pulled it out of me. I knew this would turn out well.

I'd never had that feeling before.

I'd love to say that the story of *Parasyte* was exactly as I'd expected from start to finish, but that is not the case. The planned ending went from three chapters to three volumes, no five, seven, nine...and finally ended up being ten volumes.

And the nature of the story changed quite a bit from my original plan. A perfect example is the final scene with the strongest enemy, Goto.

When I wrote the first chapter of *Parasyte*, there was little talk about the environment, and ecology was not yet the hot topic it is today. There were very few people talking about the foolishness of mankind. So I thought nothing of starting the first issue with a sort of alarm bell toward the culture of mankind. But once people all over the world started saying similar things, it began to bother me. It was embarrassing to have my work saying the same thing as everyone else. Possibly I'm just being contrary, but it made me want to tell people to stop talking about the foolishness of mankind.

(con't on next page)

AFTER THE BOOK'S COMPLETION THE AUTHOR REFLECTS BACK ON HIS OWN WORK.



Monthly Afternoon from Afternoon KC Parasyte Volume 10

PARASYTE 8

So going back to Goto's end, my original plan did not lead to Goto dying. When Goto started putting himself back together, Shinichi was going to leave him there, and head home. I had two different theories for what would happen to Goto after that. One had him reviving completely, despising the pollution of Japan, growing a giant pair of wings, and flying off toward beautiful nature. The other one had him unable to revive completely and living on in the mountains as some other kind of creature, preying on humans. Both are awful. And rather lazy. But it bothered me to just destroy Goto, since he was representative of beautiful wildness and the greatness of nature—as opposed to the destructive, polluting foolishness of humans.

But since so many people around me were going on about the foolishness of mankind, it forced my cranky mind to try and move beyond that.

Much like the words in the first pages ended up being echoed by Mayor Hirokawa, representing a certain group of humans, at the climax the main character turned back around and dirtied his hands. This idea began with my own twisted way of thinking, but I can't help but feel the result was better because of it.

All these changes and surprises did not drive the story in a direction I never wanted it to go. There were no physical or mental blocks or accidents to get in the way of me finishing the series successfully, for which I am very grateful. I want to thank you all very much.

Parasyte as a series was a success, as long as we remember to add "as far as Hitoshi Iwaaki goes." In the future the series will be less of a hurdle than a wall. I don't want it to be considered my one great work, and I don't want my next series to be considered a rehash of it. I'm working very hard to avoid either.

I'm sure there are people out there who don't much see the point of this essay, but when putting a volume of manga together we often end up with a few blank pages at the end. And it's always been a bad habit of mine to say things that didn't need to be said.

Thank you for reading.

Hitoshi Iwaaki
February 1995

AFTER THE BOOK'S COMPLETION THE AUTHOR REFLECTS BACK ON HIS OWN WORK.



Monthly Afternoon Series Analysis

PARASYTE 8

This Book

I am eighty years old now, but I can safely say that *Parasyte* is among the best books I have ever read.

Reading this book changed the way I perceived events. For example, right now, SARS is spreading. I feel like bacteria go off somewhere, have a bacteria conference, and then come back in a new form, with new strategies.

What do they say about humans at these bacteria conferences? Humans are so busy killing each other, which few other animals do. Hundreds of thousands of people were killed at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. And here they are, ready and willing to join in.

I first read *Parasyte* ten years ago. I bought all ten volumes in a local bookstore, and started reading after dinner. A few volumes in I was complete immersed in this world. It grew dark outside, and I'd recently had heart surgery, so I knew I should turn in, but that idea was one of logic, and I did not want to obey. I didn't care if I collapsed again, I wanted to keep reading. When I finished all ten volumes it was dawn.

When the ending to a long work is good, it stays with you for a long time. At the end of *Parasyte*, the main character, as one living thing, and as a part-parasite decides logically that he has no right to kill parasites. But he changes his mind. He knows parasites have committed no sin, but he is just a small creature, who wants to protect his family and friends. With this in mind, he turns around, and finishes off the helpless parasite. Every step of this mental journey is clearly drawn.

One character on the parasite's side studies the habits of humans, hoping to live in peace with them. Every exchange with this beautiful woman is powerful stuff. She hands the human baby she gave birth to over to the main character, and tells him to take care of the baby, because it is human...and is then shot to death by the police.

Not only her. The main character himself has a parasite living in his arm, and becomes half-human, half-parasite. With this background, he finds his path.

I read this book when I was seventy. Ten years later, I am eighty. I have read other books as passionately as this one. I have bent down before a low bookshelf, pulled off an Iwanami Bunko volume and, still crouching, started reading. When I started reading it was bright out, when I stopped reading it was dark out. This was a book by Turgenev called *Rudin*. At the end of the book, the Russian main character, Rudin, is shot to death by French police. His companions cry out, "A Polish man has died" but Rudin was not Polish. He dies without his companions knowing who he is. I thought to myself that this was another way to live. At the time I was fifteen, and capable of reading an entire book while crouching. I could never dream of doing that now.

When I am unable to get out of bed and too weak to raise my arms, what books will play across my closed eyelids? Just as *Rudin* has lived inside me for sixty-five years, I am sure, when that time comes, *Parasyte* will be there, too.

TRANSLATION NOTES

Japanese is a tricky language for most Westerners, and translation is often more an art than a science. For your edification and reading pleasure, here are notes on some of the places where we could have gone in a different direction or where a Japanese cultural reference is used.

Oba-san, page 50

Largely an untranslatable exchange, since she's objecting to his form of address. The Japanese language prefers using names or titles to any of the many second person pronouns. Since Shinichi doesn't know her name, he first calls her *oba-san*, which literally means "grandmother" and is often used with people her age. When she snaps at him, he changed it to *oba-san*, which means "aunt" and is often used to refer to middle-aged women.



Ronin, page 206

Entrance to university in Japan requires passing a difficult exam. Students who fail the exam for their university of choice are called *ronin*, after the old word for masterless samurai. They attend cram schools and study hard, trying to pass the exam the next year.



Toys, page 249

The kanji here says “human,” but the *furigana* says “toy.” I had to choose one, and I figured toy made it clear that this was Uragami talking.

????, page 262

This pen name appears to be in Chinese.

Tsurumi Shunsuke, page 268

Shunsuke Tsurumi, [1922–] is a Japanese literary critic and philosopher famous enough to have a stub on Wikipedia. Apparently, he is quite the manga fan.

Iwanami Bunko, page 268

Iwanami Bunko is similar to Penguin Classics—a publisher of literary classics in affordable paperbacks.

***Parasyte* volume 8**

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STORY AND ART BY HITOSHI IWAAKI

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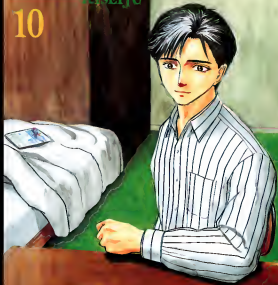
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▼連載終了直後の作者仕事場



漫画家によってはいくつもの仕事を同時にこなし、さらには本業以外にも活躍するほどの実力派がいるが、私には到底無理だ。月々たったの一作品に生活全体が引っぱり回され、あとは残骸しか残らない。凡人が一つ事のみに重きを置いた姿、結果であろうと思う。むしろそんなわがままを許し、見守ってくれた周囲と社会に感謝したい。



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誰が決める？
人間と……
それ以外の生命の目方を
誰が決めてくれるんだ？



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